IN A CORNISH TOWNSHIP WITH OLD VOGUE FOLK

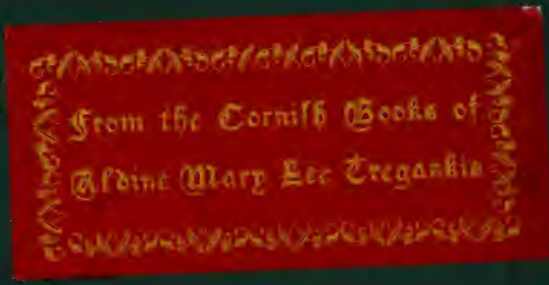
By

DOLLY PENTREATH

Illustrations

by

PERCY R. CRAFT


From the Cornish Books of
Aldine Mary Lee Tregankis

Aldine Tragedies

To W. F. Goodliffe,

From A. Stimson Hack.

Xmas 1900. with love.

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WITH OLD VOGUE FOLK

Polrogue.

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DOLLY PENTREATH

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PERCY R. CRAFT

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

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CHAPTER I.

Often minded I have been to pen a small history of this here Cornish parish, called 'Vogue Parish.' The habitants are brushing up to a thousand; most of 'em are congregate into the Port of Polvogue—a few housen on the high land called the Church Town; after that it is all farmsteads, hid away in snug nooks; for we be open to the Atlantic, and a sou'-wester 'long with we is a sou'-wester, and no mistake, and it do blow a bit from easter'd tu! The sea is every side of Vogue Parish, except a bit of neck of land that join the main-

land, and the waves of the sea only do beat the parish bounds. Now, this is the year of Grace 1818, and I, Robert Rowe, have been twenty years parish clerk, and father and son, we have been a family of parish clerks from Queen Anne's reign. By trade we have been tailors. As I say, it is nigh upon a score o' years since I first took duty in Vogue Parish Church.

Our parson then was Dr Tregonpol. He called round to our house, as he heard father was sick, so he say,—

'Fret thee not, Robert Rowe, thee can'st not fill the desk Sunday; but we will appoint young Robert to try his lungs with a good Amen, and he inherits the lungs of his father, to fill old Vogue Church no doubt.'

So I took the clerk's duty next Sunday, and they did say my 'Amen's' was like the cracks of a cart whip. 'Twas a fine old church, and 'twas crowded. Dr Tregonpol put fine store by the old carved oak benches, the men's aisle and the woman's. ('Twas thought a fine bold thing to do for any woman in Vogue Parish to sit in the men's aisle.)

In the gallilee 'twas mixed, 'Quire and the parish gentry had high pews, fine and snug, and you could not be a-gazed at by the multitude; for Dr Tregonpol took time, and he gave time into the foutherlies and fiftherlies.

As Mr Churchwarden, Anthony Bullen, would say,—

'He guv all the points against the Scripshore, and then he did clear it all up in the thirdly of the fiftherlies.'

But I must stick to the day I am telling of, and not go off the bridle path, as is the way of some. 'Twas my first Sunday of duty, and Dr Tregonpol never gave out the Sunday before 'twas c'lection Sunday, for he held the less said in church about 'filthy lucre' the better. He despised money hearty, and no one conversed on it in his hearing, so when I come to ungown him in the vestry, for Dr Tregonpol always walked up from the Rectory in his 'gown and banns,' there was a sight to make one nervous. Three c'lection boxes, wooden—a small square box was each, with a warming-pan handle to it. Down in the south aisle was two square pews, agen one another. One was the big Squire to

Trevogue House—the other was the lesser Squire of Trenisky, Squire Pencoose, and the farmers round about had nice railed-in curtained cushion seats—the open benches was easy to collect from; but I goes for the big first, and I a-pull'd back Squire Pencoose's red damask curtain, and clumsy like, as I fished over the Squire's head, I knacked off his silk pocket-handkerchief he put over his head, sermon time, to keep the draughts off—and he woke up with a bound, fire-red!

'Wot! Wot! Woe! Woe!' as the pence jingled over him.

Miss Sally and Miss Jinny Pencoose giggled, but Madame picked it up and counted loud.

'Sax and sevenpence' so all the church should hear, and she says 'we will have the cushions shook in case ye have lost a ha'penny,' then whispers,—'Now, Squire, where is yer crown-piece?'

Then up come the churchwarden, Mr Anthony Bullen of Tredinnick Farm (father to the present man), he did whisper,—

'Robert Rowe this here is my seat to c'lect from, two churchwardens to the front aisles,

Lord Respry.

"We are obligugied to your Reverence for your learned discourse."

that's me and Mr Petter Doust, and the clerk is to open benches and gallilee to c'lect from.

When I followed the churchwardens into the vestry they counted the money, and was gone away.

Dr Tregonpol says, looking at me sted-dy over his gold rims,—

'You did well Robert Rowe, junior; but let me impress upon you this single fact that there is no i in Moses, it is not Moises.

'Thank you, sir!' says I, 'I hope I sha'n't forget to pernounce it short. But the best that sails will ship a sea sometime! When I have pitched my voice out to the gallilee I may ship a sea, careless ways, and call Moises and A-ar-run.'

Then, as I was a following Dr Tregonpol out into the churchyard, Lord Respry of Trevogue, the other Squire, he was awaiting the Parson; with his hat off he says the same form as grace after meal.

'We are obligee-gi-ed to your reverence for you learned discourse. Will you favour us with your company to dinner.'

'No thank you, my lord, no; hare-pie at home to-day!' answered Dr Tregonpol.

'Now, as I have begun the day with Sunday I'll finish it up to the evening. Dr Tregonpol he preached with a big church-lantern and he had an hour-glass on a stand; but he mostly forgot to set that hour-glass till he was half voyage on, and then he turned it, and he would never finish up till the last speck of sand had run down to the glass globe below. It was hard on courtship of a Sunday, and I were young and went a-courting in those days. But he being a bachelor gentleman he did not seem to consider courtship as part of the business of the world, though he had a tender heart for the young and aged, the sick and the dying. So that big church was crowded, and all the laboured men would listen that attentive; and the shadows would creep up the church till it was nigh pitchy dark, and no light but the pupit lantern, and no face to be seen but the preacher and his white hair; a proper picture—fine looks he had. Now, in this score of years, as I am a-looking back on, we had only two murders, and they was more mysteries than

murders. One was a pedlar as come to 'Cat o'-Bell' one night.

They was queer ones who kept the 'Cat-o'-Bell.' No one had a good word for that wisht old brother and sister, Garge Gait and Meary Gait. They was prettily despised, and they was creeping pious, and the textes they would bring up, in season and out o' season; and we know from the Bible the worst can do that pat enough,—but, bless you, nobody was took in by it, and least of all the Parson—for he was right honest in his religion, and there was no jargle in his dialogues—so he weren't the leastest bit took in; and when he was stiff and starn he had mighty fine reason for it. They used to walk about hand in hand, Garge and Meary Gait, so they was called the 'Babes o' the Cat-o'-Bell.' They robb'd all who frequent the 'Cat-o'-Bell,' so t'was no good for they to walk innercent like, and sit under the gallilee and groan pious in the sermon; we knowed them. The poor old pedlar! (but the misfortune were he weren't poor, or maybe he would have been alive to this here day), he was 'mazing rich, he had cases of watches, and

ear-droppers, brooches and sich like; no wedding ring but was bought of he—and zollid gold, guinea gold, tu! They called he Me-thu-sa-lem; he was small and humpty-backed; but he, if his head were too nigh to his heels, he made up for it by a steeple hat half as big agen as hisself. Seeming to me I shall ever remember Me-thu-sa-lem's hat! Now, none did know whence he came or wheresoever he went. Some say, 'he were the true Wandering Jew'; others say, 'he were too poor in spirit for that.' If he were the Wandering Jew his wanders were over that night in Vogue Parish.

When he was see'd coming down Trelucky Hill, as leads down into the Church Town, the women and the childers went up to meet him with 'Heigho, Me-thu-sa-lem!' 'The Pedlar have come!' say the men. Me-thu-sa-lem could scrape the fiddle well, and the childers, maids and lads, danced round the cross (the sun-dial), and in the evening he were fine company in the parlour of the 'Cat-o'-Bell.' 'Twas the war time, and our ships and navy was all the talk of the world. People sent messages to their friends by Me-thu-sa-lem hundreds and hundreds

of miles away, and he returned with the answer in a year or two all right.

He was merry of wit, and right di-varted the parish when he come. At last it came to night, and he packed up his watches, gold chains, gew-gaws and glitter, but it had been a sight too much for the wicked old brother and sister, Garge and Meary!—for nobody ever clapt eyes on poor old Me-thu-sa-lem again. Only the auld Jan Reel (grit-grandfather to the young Reel Crenious, his Christian name). Jan Reel had a sick cow, and he goes out with a lantern in the middle of the night, and he see'd a light in the yard o' the 'Cat-o'-bell,' he peeps over the stone wall, and the auld Garge Gait was drashing away with a lot o' rubbish throwing down the well, which was worked by a windlass and a bucket; Meary, with a red shawl over her head, was holding the lantern. Jan Reel did not think much of it at the time; but it seemed odd to he like, they wisht ones was out that time o' night to fill up the well. Now, that well was for public drink; but the old Gaits put a lock to the yard and said they had a gone and filled up the well because the noise of 'a

parcel of werman and childers a-working the creaky, rusty chains made the two wicked ones wake too early, but it gained belief in the parish that well were Me-thu-sa-lem's grave. Then the suspicious thing was, Garge and Meary Gait grow'd rich and they bought fields, a horse, cart and harrow—all sorts, in fact; but nobody looked into it, so it became a mystery. Still it was the talks for many a long day; and the childers would screech if they saw the wisht old mortals out o' theirselves in the lanes, walking hand in hand, the Babes o' the Cat and Bell, Garge and Meary Gait.

The next was a wuss murder. A poor fellow, shipwrecked, with a belt of guineas round his waist, and he was washed ashore on to the Zone Beach; and it was told he was knocked on the head for his guineas. It was two brothers this time did it. They seemed to prosper, but after a bit one was took bad, and for twenty year he become a bag o' bones. He was a poor sinner, and he would climb up the cliffs—such an old 'scare-ee-crow' or may say 'scare gull and shag' as ever was seen cliff's side—and he would shout and pray, lift his hands

above his head, he was a living witness of despair in sin to the whole parish of Vogue; better than hundreds of sermons on the greed of gold, robbery and murder. But they left he alone, and they never had un took up. The other brother had a wisht death, too bad to tell ye of. So their sins found 'em out, and not by the hand of man.

And now I'll begin my story, as I call this an introductory piece, to let you know a bit what sort of folk the Vogue folk were.

CHAPTER II.

I WAS often down on business and one thing and another to Tredinnick Farm House. 'Twas a picture of a farm house. 'Twas old, but it was that clean, white wood, scrubbed from top to bottom, and a polish on all things. We was having breakfast in the hall, or front kitchen, when I was telling Missus a bit of parish news. In comes Maister, home to breakfast. Now, Maister Anthony Bullen was a fine sight to see—a regular jolly John Bull. In his day he were the best wrastler in ten parishes round; and 'only one single pat, and you would never rejoice again,' he was that mighty strong. But he had a fine easy temper; if he had been ugly in temper, no man could have stood up against him. But Missus were differ from Maister, and she were cap'en of he. To-day Maister looked gloom-ways as he sat to table. Says Missus,—

'Co! co! Anthony, man, what's up with yer long visage? If I had not been up with the lark and made all the butter betimes sich a vinegar-cruet's countenance would turn all the cream to the dairy worse than a thunder planet. Safe to know something is up; but don't ye tell us what the misfortune is till yer have broke yer fast. So now, Fannee, my dear, t' back kitchen and tell Mar Teazer t' bring maister's rasher and taties 't once.'

'Fannee,' as her aunt, Mrs Bullen, called her; 'Fanner,' as her uncle, Anthony Bullen, pronounced it—harder like; but he was never hard or stiff with she, 'Miss Fanny Uglow,' for he was mighty proud of her, and took up with her, and he delight in all her fun and May games. A year or two back she had been a proper romp and tom-boy; out with Maister all day driving his gig, or on her pony; but they had sent her to school, to a boarding-school, at Plymouth to learn 'Deportment,' and she had come back handsomer than ever, and with a finish in manners and deportment. She had manners! Miss Fanny Uglow was sister's child to Maister; he had nor chick nor

child of his own, so he reared Miss Fanny instead; and she, being the eldest of sixteen, 'twas useful to Cap'en and Missus Uglow that Miss Fanny was provided for like by her Uncle Anthony to Tredinnick Farm.

Miss Fanny was fine and comely, with hair as black as the rocks with the moon behind them, and eyes true-blue, cheeks like poppies and cream, a sma-al and innocent mouth; but for all the straight eyes and innocent mouth she had the wickedest pair of black eyebrows; they used to lift up and down like the ears of a hunter pricked up, with a toss of her head, for she was proper spirit-ty. I mind what she had on that fine morning, 11th July 1818. 'Twas a buff-coloured gown, and all about speckled with brown spots or heath flowers like. 'Twas the freshest cotton gown; and all about her neck and arms was gathered goffered frills, as Mar Teazer took delight in to bedeck Miss Fanny in 'bouffers and goffers, and frill-de-dills,' as she said, 'Fine feathers make fine birds.' But that is only partly true with women; you must have a fine figure to hang it on, and a gracious countenance, and then

you have a brave Cornish maid, the likes to be seen nowheres.

As Missus Bullen spoke Miss Fanny pushed back her chair, and, standing, she was the best-built woman in all our great parish of Vogue, and she says,—

'Yes, Aunt Jinnifer, Maria Teazer has had uncle's breakfast hot a long time, ready for him.'

Mar Teazer, for short, she was called, but proper becalled her christen'd name 'Thomazine Maria Hannah Teazer,' came in from the back kitchen into the front-hall kitchen where we were, with two plates pancaked together. As they were scalding hot, she was a-holding of 'em in her white appurn, for Mar Teazer was the cleanest woman to any farm about. Missus used to say, 'You could see through her she was that clean.' Else she weren't high favoured in looks. She seemed to have been fashioned in a hurrisome way, for one eye was cocked up in her forehead, and the other was down in her cheek, as if they would not run in double harness anyways. Her mouth and her nose had a twist, some said she made

a face when the wind changed, and so it became a wry face ever after. And her voice was best company to her face, for it was an unsartin cymbal, as a bass viol with a learner, when to listener unprepared ye hears a screech on the strings, or down double bass, and no serious part either to play deadly. Mar Teazer placed her two arms with the plates over Maister's head. Maister had fine broad shoulders, but Mar Teazer had a fine stretch with her arms, though she were very stump like and wore pattens summer and winter. 'In winter,' she say, 'to keep her feet dry, in summer 'tis best purchase to handle a broom by.' And she wore 'a gook' (sun bonnet) summer and winter. Some say 'Mar Teazer do live in pattens and gook; must go to bed in 'em I'm thinking!' Only on the Sabbath day she did not wear pattens and gook after ten o'clock, but a best bunnet and shoes and white stockens. She did car an umber'll, as she say, 'safe-ways.' In Cornwall we wants a shower every day for the land, and two on Sundays not to hinder labour, but it do drain away pretty quick down the hills. She wrapped her prayer book in her

Mar Teazer.

pocket-handkerchee for she say, 'Years handle will dull the best of covers,' and it was a fine bound one in Russian leather, given her by Dr Tregonpol, as his gifts were ever the best that money could buy. In her prayer book she gathered every Sunday and put in the leaves a fresh bit of Boy's-love! Seem'd to me after, that bit of Boy's-love was prophecy of what was for to come.

Now Mar Teazer turned to Missus Bullen and said, both hands high above her head,—

''Tis misfortune! Missus! a poor job, a wisht poor job! They's goon clean away, not a bleat to be heard!'

'What is it, Anthony?' says Missus.

''Tis a flock o' sheep, Jin-ni-fer, as can't be found.'

'Can't be found, Anthony, what be ye a-telling of! A flock o' sheep lost?'

'Yes, yes, Jin-ni-fer, and a fine pretty flock tu! They was a-missing all yester, but I did not like to tell ye, as I was sartin sure we should hear tell of they sheep before dark.'

'Now the poor, old shepherd, Willie Woollaton, have gived up hope, and he have gone

most crazed over the loss; for they was all in the great Perquest Field, and he count 'em all right, and went home to his dinner and back, and the flock was gone clean away! No ge-at open, either! no fence down! no gap! no more than a hare could creep ee through—but there, the whole flock was gone!'

'Well, Maister, cheer up heart! They must be found, see'd, or heard tell of somewheres. Somebody travelling will bring news of the flock, no fear!'

'I tell ye, Jin-ni-fer, I rid miles on Cowslip and tired she; come home and tired Vi'let! I sent every man-jack on the place scouring the country, and no news of they, nor man, woman or child had seen they sheep—'

'Come, Maister, pluck up heart; don't 'ee give in over it. Such a brave flock o' sheep can't be lost for ever; they can't be for ever gone, they must be found! You can't cover a flock o' sheep with a dock-leaf! It is impossible thing for to lose a flock o' sheep; you could not lose 'em if you tried.'

'That's it, Jin-ni-fer; that's it that make it mysterious; and old Willie Woollaton do say

Woolly Woollaton.

'tis all witchcraft, Maister! He is going soft, I do believe; he pointed to the mack-er-rill-sky, and he say, "There they be, the ghosties of 'em; they have been spirit away! There they be! up in the blue sky, just as t' life they lay on the green Culver-close." And poor Ship, our old dog, looked up to where he was a-pointing, and he a howled dismal, as if his heart would bust with grief. They is both demented—the shepherd, Woolly Woollaton (or as they do call he, Woolly Woollygather-un)! and the dog Ship, he ain't touched a mossel sin the sheep have been lost! I try to cheer un and entice un with a drop o' warm milk; but I do say that dog is human enough to commit sooicide on hisself!'

While Maister was going on so about the loss of the flock of sheep, Mar Teazer did whisper to Miss Fanny,—

'The earl and his lady have come home to Trevogue, and Mr Froggy have come agen, "the French cousin," as they call him; they tells me *cousang* is French for cook!'

Miss Fanny got as red as a quarantine apple in September month, and she say aloud,—

'Maria Teazer, what's that to me?'

Then there was a barking of dogs; even old Ship plucked up to bark, and Maister's spaniels, and Miss Fanny's terrier.

'Strange dogs have come to invade the prem-mi-ses!' says Maister, 'or they never make such a barking. Down, Ship!'

Says Missus, tartly,—

'Strange dogs! A sad dog, you mean, Maister! Never such a hubble in the yard, if it was not that Mr Johnnie Pencoose had a-come!'

'Oh, 'tis tiresome!' said Miss Fanny. 'Nobody wants Jack Pencoose early in the day; it is bad enough late at night, when he can't stay more than a half-hour!'

So, amid snarling, barking and clatter in the stone passages, cracking of whips and shouting, lounged in Mr Johnnie Pencoose, or Jack Pencoose as known to his familiars, and he was pretty free and familiar to most as come in his way, if they did not offend he. He was jokish and pleasant enough; but if ye did tantalise he, you suffered for it sooner or later. He was a fine, handsome fellow, with

Squire Johnnie Pencoose.

"A proper rollicking chap."

a red open-air face, black hair, and the whitest teeth. He was what you called a proper rollicking chap; t' much so for most; t' much for the old Squire and his Ma. They had long gived up the management of he. I never like' 'un. He used to say, 'Good-morning, Snips! Beg yer pardin', clerk and parson!' and he would jeer; but if you tantalised he back again he would have shaked the life out of ye, so that wouldn't do; it was best to be civil, so I spake cheerful back.

'Good-morning, Squire Johnnie Pencoose!'

Now the only people he was 'spectful tu, was Maister and Missus Bullen. Mr Jack Pencoose sat down. He only looked at Miss Fanny, who took precious little notice of him in return. He spoke rough; not much of a gentleman in his voice.

'Na, thank yo-oh; I have breakfasted, but a glass of beer would not come amiss.'

Mar Teazer went to fetch it.

He said, speaking to Missus Bullen, but looking at Miss Fanny,—

'A great calamity befell my dear Ma yesternight,' and then he choked away with laughter.

'My Ma went to dine with the Penroses. She went with old Joe, driving in the gig. 'Twas a proper late dinner, four o'clock; quite fashionable; and she had on her purple velvet gown, and such a bandbox lashed on to the splash-board to hold her ostrich plumes and turban. Well, they went all right, but, coming home, you know what a thunder shower there was. It didn't clear till nearly ten o'clock, and, coming back by Scawswater Mill, you cross the stream—no bridge—and 'twas that swollen with the flood that it knocked dear Ma and Joe clean out o' the gig. The old grey went over on her side—a mercy she had not been drowned—but she kicked herself clear of the gig and scrambled up the river bank.'

Then Mr Jack Pencoose indulged in such fits of laughter as he come to what he thought the funny part of the story that he could not go on for a minute or two.

Miss Fanny only looked high and mighty, but she would not laugh; only she was waiting to hear the story, as she did not love Madam Pencoose that was certain.

'Well, my Ma went sailing down the river, a bundle of purple velvet, and the mighty band-box a-dashing after her.

'Poor Joe, clinging to the old moor's (roots), shouted,—

'"Missus! Missus! Stop ye, Missus, or ye will be in the mill-dam! Tom Grugglar! Tom Grugglar! turn your dam on!—turn yer dam off! the Missus is being washed in. Oh, Missus! She'll shoot over the mill-wheel! Tom Grugglar! stop 'ee! stop 'ee Missus!" But down the stream went dear Ma and her band-box.

'Joe see'd a light in the mill, and Tom Grugglar heard his shouts, and turn'd off the mill-stream in the nick of time.'

Missus Bullen said severe-like,—

'I hope Madame Pencoose was not the worst for such a distressful accident?'

Miss Fanny said,—

'How nice it must be to have such an affectionate son as Mr Johnnie Pencoose!'

This remark seemed to sober him a bit in his laughter, so he said gruffly,—

'Well, if she were really the worse for it,

I should not tell ye the story to make ye laugh.'

Maister had laughed hearty, for he was always partial to Mr Johnnie, and he said,—

'No, no, my lad! we did not think—if it had been anything more than a ducking—that you'd make merry over it.'

'And what became of the bandbox,' said Missus.

'Gone straight out to sea — the French fashion gone to its own coasts—I reckon.'

Miss Fanny got up and went into the garden, and she had her laugh out behind the laurel hedge.

After a bit, through the laurel hedge, she caught sight of Mr Johnnie Pencoose's top-boots, and she flew like lightning away—she hate Mr Johnnie and his rough ways. At dinner Maister 'lament' more over the loss o' the sheep that seemed to have strayed right away. 'I shall never sight 'em any more.'

Miss Fanny says 'Uncle Anthony, this afternoon I'll walk round by the cliffs to the

old pound; they might have been pounded by someone.'

'Well, do, my lamb. Walk round by the old pound; but the flock are not in any pound this side Bodmint. I have sent to see, and I have rid myself all a-top the cliffs from Perlemon to Poldower beach, but I does not see a fleece.'

'Well, Uncle Anthony, better luck for me.'

But Miss Fanny was not a-thinking much about the innocent sheep, but more about a French wolf that was mighty fine in her eye. So Miss Fanny went away quick that afternoon, with her fine Leghorn hat, her swinging pace, her head in the air, carrying all the top-knot high. And off she goes to the sea, but she must needs pass over the Downs Park of Trovogue House, and round in front of the great salt-water pool; all the downs covered with short grass turf; for forty feet deep there was nothing but sand, and the turf was in hillocks, like the waves of the sea—but the sea was near a quarter mile away. You could see Miss Fanny's pretty figure now on top a hillock, and then down in the trough of the

grass, to rise again, as a trim craft on the top of a wave. Old Lord Respry saw her as he was fishing for peel in his favourite bit of reach, and he said to himself, 'A fine English girl carries the palm, after all.' The next on-looker who saw her threw away his cigar; he was a Frenchman, some said 'quite the gentleman,' had to run his country, and obliged to get a living in ours. They said Lord Respry knew all about him, and was very civil to him, and treated him as a gentleman, though he had taken service as his cook. He was called Marc Juste; but round about he was called Mossoo Marc. As he saw Miss Fanny he sprang up the steep wood path to meet her at the top, where the plantation crossed the public road.

"A FINE ENGLISH GIRL CARRIES THE PALM."

CHAPTER III.

A BEAUTIFUL, fine bow, and the Frenchman said to Miss Fanny,—

'Ah! charming mademoiselle! my sweet English rose! has she been a little desolate at my enforced absence? To me it has been des-es-pair! Has Mademoiselle Fanné been sad? I have rested broken-heart'd,' bowing low.

'No, not at all, Mons Juste. Why should I be sad? I have been as glad as a bird!' laughed Miss Fanny; and yet she liked to hear of the desolate des-es-pair of Mossoo Marc.

He was a handsome, smart man, for a foreigner, in his blue silk coat. He spoke fair English, but he had a mincing voice; and though he laughed as if light of heart, an ugly look would come into his face. At times he showed too much white of eye, as a wicked horse, would kick from sheer devilment alone. But Miss

Fanny only saw his gay and polite manners, which was very different from Mr Johnnie Pencoose, and not vulgar and familiar as Samuel Stock, the lawyer's clerk.

Miss Fanny was as straightforward as any girl could be; for they all like a little secrets and mysteries, as 'tis in the nature of girls.

She meant, every time she met him, to tell her Aunt Jin-ni-fer; but it had passed on, and she had not. She thought her Uncle Anthony would be very angry for her to speak or companion at all with 'that Frenchman!' as Waterloo had not been long fought, and most had a spite and hate to Frenchmen. Miss Fanny forgot to think of her uncle's displeasure at her meeting the Frenchman; and she forgot all about the lost sheep, and they chat full lively together.

Mons Marc told her more about himself than he had ever done before—how he was French on his father's side, but Irish on his mother's. He told her he had an Irish property, which he hoped the feet of his divine angel, enchanting Mademoiselle Fanné, would tread as her own. Miss Fanny's heart beat wildly, but she said calmly,—

'Where is this property? What part of Ireland?'

He said,—

'I do not dare, I must not tell you! I dare not! my life is at stake until things are more settled there. I am not able to show myself in Ireland; I am forced to be in hiding, but, perhaps, only for a few months. I have been hunted like a mad dog!'

'I think you are safe here,' said Miss Fanny; 'there is only one Irishman, and he lives at Trevogue, as you know—Dick Sweeny.'

'Yes; Sweeny is my mate and trusted friend. He is the cook, I only pretend; but Lord Respry knows all about it, and it is at his advice I take the situation of cook. Wait, oh! stay, enchanting Mademoiselle Fanné. I pour out my heart at your feet!'

Miss Fanny leant against the rough trunk of a Scotch fir, and faced Mons Marc; but with her parachute she marked idly, as she listened, a half circle in the sandy dust, as if Mons Marc was to stay outside that charmed circle. When she had finished she looked

him in the face with her true-blue eyes, though the colour in her face showed it took some courage to meet the gaze of her lover. Of course I cannot tell you all that passed between them, and I cannot give you all his Frenchy talk as I give the Cornish tongue. I can make one of our old Vogue parish speak plain enough. Mons Marc, when he dress'd in his cook's dress, all white, and cap to match, he always looked as if he was acting, which he was; the only natural thing about him seemed the knife in his belt, and the way he would draw his shoulder up, and place his hand upon the handle, which, for his figure and appearance, should have been a sword or a dirk more than a cook's knife. However, he was not dress'd this evening like a cook, except he had the knife in his belt, but over it a smart, dark-blue coat, yellow waistcoat and shirt frill—the French fashion of the day. Mons Marc flew very high colours in passing compliments — 'she was adorable,' and a parcel of high-sounding words, which, as we ain't in love, looks foolish; but Miss Fanny, with all her spirity ways and

high-head carrying, was a real shy Cornish maiden, so she half thought she ought not to listen, and was frighten'd, and yet it was new and flattering, so she looked demure, and made a second half circle in front of her. He wanted her to promise a great deal. Would she meet him to-morrow evening? No, certainly not; she had only come on business of her uncle's to the top of the hill and back. She would now wish him good-evening.

'Would she allow him to call on her uncle, and explain his circumstances?' 'No, certainly not. Mons Marc, we are different. I am not in your rank of life, though you pass as a cook here. I am, I see, as much beneath you in rank as you would have been beneath me if you had been a real cook.'

'You are beautiful and good, fit to marry a prince. Will you allow me the honour to pay my respects to your uncle, and explain to him some of my difficulties? I may be free to-morrow, may I come and see your uncle?'

'No, not for the world; but I will speak to my aunt that I have met you, she knows that I was introduced to you by Miss Pencoose,

and I wish you to let me pass, sir, our acquaintance must cease.'

She was getting frighten'd. It was the short cut through the wood, two hundred yards from the public road. She said to herself she had not thought to meet Mons Marc; but had she rather not hoped it when she went in front of Trevogue to go to the old pound, a long way round?

'Will you allow me, Mons Juste, to pass?'

He stood between her and the gate of the fir plantation that led out into the road.

'My heart kneels for pity, adorable one; may I kiss your hand before we part. I am ever at your service.'

She was rather frightened at his fierce passionate bearing, so she said,—

'I have some business Mons Juste for my uncle, please let me pass?'

He bowed; he may not have done it; allowed her to pass or been moved by her entreaties; but his quick ear heard a horse trotting down the hill, so he moved aside, but as she passed he took her hand and kissed the dimpled knuckles, half covered with the lace ruff.

Miss Fanny caught her hand away, and seemed to lose her presence of mind. With a sort of hurry scream she ran towards the gate.

A thick choking voice,—

'Miss Fanny Uglow, is this fellow pestering you? If he is I'll break every bone in his body.'

A young, scowling, red face peered over the gate of the plantation, leaning from his horse, with one hand on the gate and a formidable hunting crop in his hand. It was Mr Johnnie Pencoose.

Miss Fanny recovered herself; in fact, she felt much safer now and could be brave; at the same time she was not a bit grateful to Mr Johnnie Pencoose for coming upon her talking to the Frenchman, so she said, proud,—

'Thank you, Mr Pencoose, when I require your help I'll ask for it, and I think you are rather impertinent. Mons Juste, at all events is a friend of your sister's, as she introduced me.'

Mr Johnnie Pencoose muttered a passionate oath.

The Frenchman laughed.

'Pardon the young barbarian, Miss Fanny, John Bull's bull dog puppy.'

'By Jove! you white-livered scoundrel, you frog-eating Frenchman, I'll teach you to call me names!'

The Frenchman's eye gleamed, and his hand went to his knife.

'Yes, you butcher-cook, you coward!' roared with much noise Mr Johnnie Pencoose.

Miss Fanny passed the horse and rider, into the middle of the road.

'Yes, stay there, Fanny, or better run home, while I settle him.'

'Johnnie, don't, don't! I'll never forgive you! It is disgraceful! Think of me! Do not quarrel on my account!'

She thought it would be murder, and Miss Fanny's pride had flown away with the two angry men facing each other.

'Do not be alarmed, Miss Fanny; I shall not quarrel with the young fool,' said Mons Marc, as he waved his hat in the air.

But the contempt was too much for Mr Johnnie Pencoose; so he raised his whip and cut the Frenchman across the shoulder.

In one second the Frenchman was on the gate, a-level with Mr Johnnie, with his knife in the air, and it was in the fleshy part of his arm before he swerved his horse.

Howling with rage and pain, Mr Johnnie had him by the throat.

In a minute the Frenchman was on the ground, the Englishman off his horse on top of him. Mr Johnnie had got the knife; in one moment more he would have stabbed the Frenchman to the heart.

But a cleverer fencer than either had hold of Mr Johnnie's wrist, uplifted with the knife.

It was the old Lord Respry separate the two men, the French and the English.

Mr Johnnie never could tell much what happened, as he got faint from loss of blood.

But he heard, just as he was going off, the the old Lord say,—

'Baron ——, this is unpardonable, fighting with my neighbours! If anything like this happens again you must leave Trevogue.' And then he heard them jabber in French, and Mr Johnnie had swooned away.

Miss Fanny ran nearly all the way home. She saw Lord Respry separate her fighting lovers, and was thankful he did not see her; and so ran home. She was only stopped close to Tredinnick by her uncle shouting,—

'Fanner! Fanner, my lamb! have ye see'd 'em? Have ye see'd 'em? you be running so quick!'

'Seen what, Uncle Anthony?' she panted.

She had seen enough, surely, for one arternoon. Then remembering,—

'No, Uncle Anthony; nothing of the sheep. I did not get so far as the pound. I want to get back to Aunt Jinnifer; I promised to tie down the jams this evening.'

But Miss Fanny could not make up her mind to say anything about the adventure to her aunt, Missus Bullen, 'about these tiresome fighting men.' She wondered if Mr Johnnie Pencoose was much hurt. He was a great, rough fellow; and, after all, why should he interfere? She always showed she hated him, and he knew it was no good. She wished he would get married, or go away, or something.

"Billy Pearce was there and heard every word."

And as for the Frenchman, she did nor like him at all. It was cowardly to use a knife. She would never speak to him again.

A few evenings after Miss Fanny was out in the garden gathering gooseberries, when out came Mar Teazer after a bit, and she began,—

'Fine riggs to public-'oose, Miss Fanny. Young Mr Johnnie Pencoose has been having rows, as he says he will be the death of that fine Frenchman yet. And the Frenchman say "he will creep and creep till he get his heart's blood!" But, of course, he is too fine that Frenchman to frequent the public-'oose; but Dick Sweeney do answer that he said it. My dear life! I say 'twill be murder. Mr Johnnie have all but murdered he; and the Frenchman stabbed he; he is slinged to the arm! Billy Pearce was there, and heard every word.'

'Well, Mar Teazer, don't tell me about public-house gossip. I don't want to hear anything of it. It is most disgraceful of Mr Johnnie Pencoose. Such an example! What would his mother, Madame Pencoose, say?'

And yet all this gossip was uncomfortable for Miss Fanny.

'Well, my dear Miss Fanny, I only tell ye, mind ye, becas I are certain sure you be the innercent means of the whole bisness. They are all crazed and mazed about you, my beauty—the propperest beauty as ever was seen in this parish! No one ever come a-courting I, but it must be fine to be courted.'

'Come, Maria Teazer, please leave those tiresome men alone. I do not want to hear anything about them. What does Bill Pearce say about the lost flock of sheep? Has he heard anything of them?'

'No, nor never will, Miss, till somebody 'sult Johnny Hooper, the wise man of Ladock. Maister will never hear tell of them if he don't.'

'Oh, Mar Teazer, how foolish you are!' laughed Miss Fanny. 'Fancy consulting a wizard to know where the lost flock of sheep is!'

'I am no more foolish than was King Saul.'

'Oh, never mind King Saul,' said Miss

Fanny, impatient-ways. 'The world is older now. I am sure we have a-picked enough.'

'Yes,' said Mar Teazer, ''twill make a brave pie.'

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE Miss Fanny was so took up in thoughts of her sweethearts, poor Maister Bullen could not sleep o' nights, nor teal his eye all night, or if he did, he would dream and 'cry aloud in his dreams,' as pious Bunyan says. How wisht and spirited dismal it do sound. 'And me thinks I crieth, and none to answer in my dreams.' So Maister call out, 'They be a-coming, they be a-coming! They be a-al a-flocking down right agen me! The devil doth drive them!'

So crazed and mazed was he in his sleep, and he was wisht and gloom-mer waking.

At last Missus Bullen was fairly worr'd out. She were differ from Maister; she were as one o' Pharoah's lean kine, as a-swaller'd up everything, seeming the more she swaller'd the

thinner she wor. But she were a kind Missus, tu—a proper steer-a-course woman. Some call'd her near, and miser; she ruled her life on these lines. 'Waste not, want not.' She no wasted herself, nor let anybody else waste. She loved work, and she could not abide the lazy, and the slattern had a poor time with she; but for all that she had a tinder heart for the afflicted in sickness and the aged, and many was the poor sols as could sit a bit and bide a bit by her chimbly corner to warm theirselves, poor sols, with a drop o' hotted cider and a crib (crusties as you do call 'em up country).

Says Missus,—

'Co! co! Anthony, man, have yer mind at peace, and send up to Johnny Hooper, the wise man of Ladock, and he will tell ye where the flock o' sheep be tu, so yer mind will be to rest and aisey, so yer can 'tend to bisness agen.'

'Come, now, Jinnifer, don't ye be so fulish as to think I are going to 'sult Johnny Hooper. How do he know more nor I do about the lost sheep?' says Maister, obstinate like; but Missus, as the ways of women, did ne'r give up or give

in easy. As I did tell ye, it were known to I, but most did say 'tweren't so, but I never noised it abroad that Missus was Cap'en of Maister; lor, quite Cap'en she wore though he be the biggest Cornish man alive.

So she say,—

'Don't believe in Johnny Hooper? What next, I wonders! Why, even the parson, Dr Tregonpol, go to consult Johnny Hooper when his property is missing.'

'Parson Tregonpol go to consult Johnny Hooper! Oh, no, no, Jinnifer, not parson; not he!' says Maister Bullen, 'as who should know the parson's ways and mind better than his churchwarden.'

'Well, if not Parson Tregonpol, his housekeeper—Mrs Brokenshear. She 'sulted Johnny Hooper when the parson's tayspoons was stolen. She have entertained I with that story often, Mrs Brokenshear. It was come about like this— 'Twas Mael-mas, the green-goose time. She send up a nice harish goose to Mr John Hooper 'long with the message,—

'"Parson Tregonpol's tayspoons is stolen."

'Johnny Hooper made answer,—

'"The man who stole the parson's tayspoons come Christmas Eve his head shall veer round the wrong way, and back is front to he for ever after if he don't take 'ee back they tayspoons afore time mentioned."

'So, afore Christmas Eve, when Mrs Brokenshear gets up to open the Rectory front door, there was all the twelve tayspoons laid out neat on the front-door step. So Parson Tregonpol, coming home a few evenings after from a run with harriers, he a met Johnny Hooper the wizard or wise man of Ladock, in Ladock Wood.

'Says Parson Tregonpol, taking off his hat perlite like, as his custom always is,—

'"So, Mr John Hooper, I do hear thee are consulted as a wise man."

'"If so, Dr Tregonpol, 'tis more than I ever heard tell you was."

'"Thee hast a shrewd wit, but thy impudence is greater," laughed Dr Tregonpol. "Good-evening."

'"Good-evening, Dr. Tregonpol, I stops a lect-shure jist in time."

'Now, Maister, you may be as lucky as parson over his tayspoons.'

So at last Missus wheedled over Maister, and he goes out to Bill Pearce, who was young un then, and he says to him,—

'Ride away to Ladock, to Mr John Hooper's, and take this ten-shillin' bit and say to him,—"Maister Anthony Bullen's compliments of Tredinnick Farm to Mr John Hooper, and he have lost a flock o' sheep, and will ye please for to tell un where the sheep be tu?'

Bill put on his best fustian coat and green glass buttons and a steeple hat, for a proper beau was Bill in those days, and he rode away on Vilet, the strawberry mare.

I have oft and oft listed to that tale of Bill Pearce's and his ride out to Johnny Hooper's, and all that befel he, so I'll give it in his own tongue, 'xactly as he do speak it.

It was high morning, the sixth of August 1818, when Bill did ride forth from Tredinnick Farm, and 'twas high by day before he got to Maister Hooper's house, the wise man of Ladock.

Now Maister Hooper was one o' they mor-

tals as loves to live lonesome like ; no servant, no one to do for he. Yet they did go for to say he could call up a parcel of company to divart his self with, sich as hob-gob-lins familiar spirits. 'Twas wisht things they said of he,—he sleep all day, at night he went a-hunting ; and fine wicked sport, tu—that was what some say. Others say, ' No sich thing, he's a-harmless as anybody else.'

The tale was told of many a poor traveller as lost his way on the moors would hear a horn blow ' sich an unearthly screech.' They would say it made the heart thump up quick time, and then yer flesh would creep goosey-ways all over ; then he would listen and hear the baying of the yeth hounds—'tis a most ghastly hunt as ever was seen, and we do know who the huntsmen is as hunts the poor shadders out of this world—the moon would burst out and they would leap away down an old mine shaft. They did say Johnny Hooper rid well to the yeth hounds, shouting and tearing along by the side of the devil huntsman they rid neck-a-neck ; but Johnny's horse always threw'd he on the brink of the press-ee-piece of the old mine shaft,

and old Johnny would get up and totter away home, his sport over for that there night. Still it was Mr Hooper's enemies who told these stories, for so powerful a wise man was sure to have plenty of enemies.

'Tis a savage country out on the moors. 'Twas a desolate dwelling the wizard's lone house on the old Cornish moors. The wish-test, wishtest's noises that some did hear. A sob—a big, loud sob—like a minute gun up to Plymouth, when a Lord High-Admiral is gone dead—then the ground would shake, and be that slipper as if you had had a cup too much cider, you could not keep your feet anyways. Then the spirits of the air would fall a-sighing amazing sound in your ears, as the wash on Hammick Beach, after a sou'-wester, and a mercy a-screeching, as if a Herod was committing sooicide on ten thousand blessed babies all to once. Ten thousand innercent creeturs; poor tender lambs, a screech, a-screeching all to once. Then there was a laughing—a laughing, which were the ghash-ti-lest thing, so that the boys, aye, the grown men, who had come out to listen would run home for their

"'Tis a savage country."

very lives, and some would drop away faint or ever they touched home, from the smell of brimstone.

Now all these solemn tales Mar Teazer had told Bill the night before, as she said,—

'I reckon you'll have to go to 'sult the wise man of Ladock to-morrow as ever is.'

So Bill Pearce had to take Dutch courage on board, and stop at every Kiddle-le-wink between this and Ladock; so with a Dutchman's courage, Bill weren't afraid at all, 'tall; and when Bill came before the wizard's door, he knacked and knacked ever so loud, a-holloaing ever so loud, as if he were driving bullocks.

At last Bill sees a yaller cotton night-cap, with a tassel t' the end of it, looking right at un, only a thin chin underneath, a-stretched out from the champer winder up steers; a voice, all be-witched like, clear and high, cry out,—

'Who be theer? Who be theer?'

Bill fell all of a trimble, 'twas that misery voice. So Bill's voice went high into the quavers as he said,—

''Tis only Bill Pearce from Tredinnick.

Mr Anthony Bullens, who sends his love to ye, Maister Johnny Hooper, and he 'ave lost a flock o' sheep; lost right away, and you is counted a wise man, will you let I know where the sheep be tu?'

'Well, Silly Billy, that ain't no news! I knewed the sheep was lost the morning of the 10th of July.'

'Lors a mercy,' says Billy; 'you could not knaw they was lost afore they was lost.

But you might have knacked big Bill down with a goose feather when it come upon he, that that 10th of July, as ever was, the flock of sheep was amissing; so Bill shiver and shake as he says,—

'Now I knaw for sure thee is no saint, maister, so thee is acquaint with the other party, be sure!'

Now Bill had fits of timour; then he grew'd perlite as he say then to all seasons 'tis best to keep a civil tongue in yer head; then he would say, 'I'm a Dutchman if I don't say what I have a mind to say,' so he called out,—

'You proper auld scoundrel, tell I quick! where my maister's sheep be tu! You want

to sarve me as you did the auld Jan Reel, wither up his arm becas he was going to strike ye!'

Says Johnny Wiseman,—

'You romping young spertical you are 'neath me now. Ye shall *have* no luck in courtship. Ye shall be glad to mate a witch who standeth on iron wires, and her beauty is one cock-a-eye, and she do live nigh by—she do live nigh by.'

Bill was fairly sober now, when the picter was drewed of his future wife, true to the life, drawed to life, Mar Teazer. He was proper dumber-founded, he say aloud,—

'The cock-a-eye, and standeth on wires pattens, and nigh by—Mar Teazer to life.'

The auld Johnny Hooper laughed and laughed; diverted his self fine, and he say,—

'Take this yere message home to yer maister, the Fat Bull of Bashan; he wont like the looks of the black sheep as he will meet some day in a narrer place.'

He roared this out at poor Bill 'nuff to make the bravest man turn chicken-hearted.

Bill was fairly frighten'd, so he put up his most wheedlesome voice, and he lipped out,—

'Good Maister Johnny Hooper, the friend

to the poor man, if, be sure, a terror to the rich, will ye plaise for to tell where the sheep be tu? If yer will let us knaw, what somedever the folks do say agen' ye, I'll count ye a true wise man.'

'Where the sheep be tu? Time will make mention,' says Maister Hooper, and he slams the champer winder tight home.'

'Lack-a-daisy; me!' says Bill to his self; 'I have heerd tell afore now he was a proper auld termagant, but saftly I has it, I did not mention the ten-shillin' bit, the prize to know the secret.'

'Maister Hooper! Maister Hooper,' roars Billy. 'Time will make mention, but money makes the most mention. And Maister Bullen have giv'd me here a ten-shillin' bit if ye will plaise for to tell where the sheep be?'

No answer. The winder home closed as if no mortal lived inside.

Bill ca-aland ca-alled ever so, and threw'd up gravel, and Vi'let, whether it were the familiar sperets all about, began to neigh and cut pretty capers, as Bill said,

'There's much more nor a horse can see nor we, after a good feed o' corn;' but there was many a mile twixt she and her manger. So Bill could no sit she; she jumped sky high; with her buck jumps she sent Bill flying over her head. He jump up, and he catches she round the neck and whisper, coaxing her,—

'I see him, old girl. I see him, old girl. Quiet now.' She was all in a lather with fright, a-snorting the life out of her; but when Bill whispered, 'I see him, old girl,' she quieted down a bit. After all this dover, Bill, as near bewitched as Vi'let, he sat down on an old moor-stone (*granite*) to cool hisself, with the bridle hitched under his arm. He gave forth one more bellow, 'Maister Hooper! what shall I do by the ten shillin' bit? What shall I do by it?'

At last, as Bill was going to ride away, the champer winder banged open, and a wisht voice ca-alled, clear and high,—

'Did anybody speak? Who be theer? Who be theer?'

All dazed, mazed, and dement was the voice, so Billy tells the whole story over agen.

Says Johnny Hooper,—

'Did yer mention a ten shillin' bit, my good lad?'

'Iss, iss, sure, Maister, here it be, only tell yer humble servant where the flock o' sheep be tu?'

Says Johnny Wiseman,—

'Put the ten shillin' bit on top of the garden postee.'

So Bill puts it on the top of the garden postee, and he could just reach it from Vilet.

Then Bill sees the ten shillin' bit twinkle and a-twinkle, glimmer like a live thing, and then go right out, and he never see'd that there ten shillin' bit agen, never no more! Now mark me, never no more! Then Johnny Hooper was moved to roar like a lion from forth 'neath the yellow night-cap; 'twas awful like, the tassel, though high by day,—

'Tell yer Maister, he of Bashan, to get up afore the sun on the morning of the fifthtinth of August, and tell un to walk up his town place (*farmyard*) and up Crooked Lane, and he will see his sheep coming home right agen him, drove home by a black sheep.'

Bill says,—

"VI'LET SHE WERE MORE PLAGUED-LIKE THAN THE CHRISTIAN.'

'Thankee, Maister Hooper, long life to ye. Auld Nick will be in no hurry to get his own. Far 'ee have got ye safe enuff, I wager. So long life to ye, and if ye aint the black-most of black sheep who ever be! Long life to 'ee, maister,' jeered Bill, and he turned Vi'let and rode home over the moors.

But he suffer for those jeers, and was plagued prettily. All the ways home he heard a screechy, pea-cock-etty voice up in the sky, mocking-like,—

'Go home, silly Billy! Go home, silly Billy!' He could see nathing—nathing but an auld gull overhead, larger than lifer; and the gull flied on overhead till yer come to Fair Cross, screeching to the sound,—

'Go home, silly Billy! Go home, silly Billy!'

So poor Bill was daft and mazed and crazed with the screeching and the flopping wings overhead; and as for the poor dumb creetur, Vi'let, she were more plagued-like than the Christian. I may say, it damped she all over; and Bill tried to say his grace 'fore and after meals backwards and forwards! He wished he could have called up a longer prayer, the ten

commandments; but he was in that bother he disrem-em-ber'd them all-together.

When the auld gull see'd the cross by the wayside, he dropp'd torment, and he circled higher and higher in the blue sky till he weren't no bigger than a linnet.

Missus and Maister sit up late for Bill Pearce that night; and 'twas ten gone past afore Bill come to Tredennick; and then he would never have come and rendered it, but for Woolly Woollaton, for he had been piskay laden; that was sure. Woolly had to convoy un, and prop he up to tell his tale, right agen the parlour-door to answer questions. When he see'd the Missus by side o' Maister, that seem'd like to sober un a bit, and he say,—

'Missus, I have been fine and pestered and torment! with the sperets of the air, and I'll search no wise man out ever agen. I'll leave the evil ones to their selves; you only come half-crazed out of sich encounters! The wicked speret of the wisht, auld Johnny Wiseman, come down flopping on my poor head; he 'sumed the shape of a gull!'

Says Missus, tart-like,—

'Please to mind yerself, Bill Pearce. I should think you was gull'd.'

'How many kiddle-'e-winks?' said Maister. 'How many did you stop at? Keeping the good strawberry mare out this time o' night!'

'I could no help it, Maister; us could no find the ge-at—neither she nor me! We rid rounder and rounder the Barn Meadow; and, for the life of I, the piskays blind I so as us could not see the ge-at,' stammered poor Bill.

Says Missus, sharp,—

'Oh, nonsense, Bill Pearce! 'Tis the cider, not the piskays!'

'Now, Maister, look ye here! If it were the cider, how come it that Vi'let did not ride straight to ge-at? She ain't took no cider; she were 'wildered more nor I. Us go round and round in the middle of the Barn Meadow, as the merry-go-rounds to a show fair; and if the auld Woolly Wool-la-ton had not a-call'd out and a-broke the spell, as he shout,—"What be a-doing of, Bill Pearce? A-riding that mare of Maister's, a-circling her

round and round?" and he broke the spell, as we was piskay-laden, sure; and us would have rid and rid the circle till sunrise, when the piskays go home.'

'Now,' says Maister, 'hold thee peace, Bill Pearce, and tell away a-me-di-jetly. What message from the wise man, Mr Johnny Hooper, about the flock o' sheep?'

'Well, Maister, sometime the auld termagant roared as if he was driving a team of yoked ox, and sometime he hist lipped like er anger goose, but the sense of it, Maister, was this here,—

'"On the morning of the fifthtinth of August you is to rise before the sun. You is to walk up thro' the town place, and you is to walk up Crooked Lane, and at the rising of the sun you will see the flock coming home right agen you, drove home by a black sheep."'

Maister laughed.

'I reckon that do pourtray Mr Johnny Hooper. No blacker black sheep ever was. However, I ain't quite such a fool as to do what he tell me.'

But as I did it whisper, though I should not

like to go for to noise it abroad, Missus was Cap'en of Maister, as it seems the more manlier the more they give up to wermen. 'Tis only yer whip-sparrows as are a-fear of a laugh, as are proper wives tyrants, keep the purse, and end miser-like. So Mr Anthony made a show to differ, but the end was the same.

'Obsarve yer own mind, Jinnifer, observe yer own mind.'

Whisht! she did, tu! So she say,—

'Come Anthony, man, we have gone to lay out a ten shillin' bit, and horse and man all day; we must bide by what the wise man say.'

''Tis childish, Jinnifer, proper childish. I'm sham'd to think I sent up to Ladock; and I have laughed at my men. 'Tis worse sooper-tish-un; we ought to know better.'

'Well, Maister, 'twill be waste now, if you leave it bide, and waste is more to be sham'd on than fulishness or sooper-tish-un,' says Missus, convincing like. ''Taint no great hardship to rise at sunrise in August month; so you may as well wend your way

up Crooked Lane for an airing before breakfast. Shall ye go, Anthony?'

'"Time will make mention," as the old fule said,' says Maister.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning Miss Fanny was a-sitting out under the lime-tree in the front garden, with Missus a-shelling peas.

Miss Fanny, having sighed many times, 'nuff to blow the peas out their pods, Missus say,—

'Fannee, dear life, don't go for to sigh so, 'tis calculated you lose a drop of blood out of your heart every time ye sigh. What have ye got to sigh about, child?'

Miss Fanny did not answer to once, but, after a bit, she said,—

'Aunt Jinnifer, you are handsome now, you must have been still handsomer when a girl. Did you have many—many sweethearts?'

Missus look up keen.

'Oh, 'tis come to that, is it, child. What age are you, Fannee? It don't seem so long since sister Uglow asked Anthony and I to stand gossips to your christening.'

Miss Fanny,—

'I was eighteen last May; but do not let us talk of that. Would you, Aunt Jinnifer, mind telling me your experience as a girl with—with—lovers?'

'As a guide-book, do you mean, Fannee? But if I rake up the old sillinesses, 'tis in vain, for the fashion changes with courting, so what will fit one generation won't another.'

'Oh, but, Aunt Jinnifer, would you only just tell me how many sweethearts you had, and how you liked them?' beseeched Miss Fanny.

'Well, there was first when I was seventeen, my cousin, Captain Walter Wonce.'

'Captain Wonce!' cried Miss Fanny, and she burst out laughing.

Missus joined hearty tu as she took a handful more peas out of the trug on the grass plat and shell'd them into the bowl.

'Yes, Fannee, Captain Wonce was wishing

to make me his fourth! He was my mother's cousin!'

'And I suppose he had a red tow wig then, Aunt Jinnifer, as now?' laughed Miss Fanny.

'Yes, thirty years have not changed that, nor put grey hairs into it, you may make sure! he have changed little, though past eighty, as Anthony do say once a man get the dry shrivel he do become mummy-like, and changeth little.'

'Oh, Aunt Jinnifer, he is the very ugliest little man I ever saw!'

'Well, he is bright of eye, which tells the quick wit, more pleasing in a man than good looks, and, Fannee, don't put too much store by looks, it soon goes, and we are as we were made!'

'Oh no, Aunt Jinnifer, not the tow wig; but there, please go on—how interesting!'

'Captain Wonce was then the first miner above ground, but he is richer now than he was then; still he had a smart house down to *Camborne*, five serving men in red plush, a carriage and two post-boys to ride to London, and he was hand-and-glove with every gentle-

man in the county, respected for his honesty, tho' he was shrew'd of wit in bisness. Now, I have heard father tell the tale. There was a lot of London gentlemen come down to start a mine, and they wanted to have Captain Wonce's opinion in favour of the mine, so they asked un to make a report; he said he would put no report in writing, but he would inspect it and would give a report in words to the committee. So the day come, and a fine dinner was spread, and after dinner the London gentlemen made fine speeches on the old Cornish mineral wealth. "Fish, Tin and Copper" was toasted as usual, and then they call on Captain Walter Wonce for his report on "Wheal New London." Captain Walter Wonce rose solemn, his speech was ever terse-like, he say,—"Where 'tis! There 'tis!"'

Miss Fanny laughed.

'But, Aunt Jinnifer, do tell me more; how could he have proposed to you? He had had three wives, and you were only seventeen. How did he dare to propose?'

'The head that can schemey best in the whole country, did not go fumbling much in

courtship. I remember the day he came; mother had put decanters and cake on the table, for he told father at Redruth Fair the day before he was going to make a call on mother. So I had on my best bib and tucker, though I did not know what was coming; so I was in a twitter expecting to see the fine carriage and post-boys with two footmen standing behind. Father kept out of the way. I often thought after, father knew what he was a-coming about, as there was a twinkle to his eye; but mother, she did not see anything. I call'd to mother, and we went out to the porch. He had only come with Richard, his man, in his gig after all; but mother welcom'd him. After a bit she said,—

'"Jinnifer and I was a-hoping, Cousin Walter Wonce, you was a-coming in your fine equipment, post-boys and serving men."

'"Would it ha pleased Miss Jinnifer, there, more, if I had come in state?"

'And he looked at me out of the corner of his eye as he cracked a nut with his sharp teeth. He said he always used Adam's nut-crackers and Eve's sugar-tongs. He never

could put his fingers into the bows of a sugar-tongs.

'"Sure it would have plaised us both," said mother.

"'Would you like an equipment of your own, Miss Jinnifer, and ride to London?" says Captain Wonce, sly-like.

'"Mighty!" says I.

'Says he,—

'"'Tis to be had in three letters."

'"Is it a riddle?" says I.

'"No,' says he; 'I never spake in riddles, and I can't beat about the bush, tho' you may flush a shy bird a bit too soon, if you don't beat about the bush. I risk that.'

'Then he cracked away a few more filberts, and drank a glass of sherry wine.

'We was standing up, mother and I, looking at him, thinking he was going to say something important, but never guessed what. When he had finished he looked at mother.

'"Cousin Tabitha Runnalls, I like your darter, Jinnifer. She is young, but she looks straight-minded, as she is outward made. She ain't no giggler, and she ain't no lisper; sich

gals I can't abide; so I offer her my hand;" and he thumped it on the table, making the decanters jump together.

'Mother was taken aback, so she muttered,—

'"Very handsome of you, Captain Wonce, very handsome; but Jinnifer must speak for herself."

'"What does the gal say?" says Captain Wonce, looking at me, a bit paler than was his wont.

'"I will not beat about the bush either, sir. My answer is in two letters—No. All the same, I thank you for the honour."'

'Good Aunt Jinnifer, tell me about the others, please.'

'Then two or three came about. One was a Quaker; his name was James Pye, a che-mist. They used to call him Jay Pye. But he was a very formal young man, and there was beating about the bush with Friend Jay Pye.' (*A jay is called a jay pie*).

'Then I met your Uncle Anthony, and when first I saw him I never thought I should have him. However, I did, and got the best man this side of London.'

'But, Aunt Jinnifer, did you ever like anyone—that no one else liked?'

'No, dear. They ain't often pleasant people. The world's sampling may be wrong, but it is often true samples, after all.'

Then they were silent ever so long, aunt and niece; and Miss Fanny looked as fresh as the daisies on the lawn, with her white drawn hat, her blue gown, and pretty wave hair, and her shapely neck. The bees flew about over the high box-edging; 'twas a full beauty summer day. Through the arch of the old stone gateway you could see the public road, and across to the orchard.

Someone passed and lifted his hat with much flourish,—

'Aunt Jinnifer,' says Miss Fanny, 'that is, Mons Marc Juste—the—the—' She could not say the word 'cook,' it seem'd so ridiculous with such a fine gentleman. 'You know he is living at Trevogue, a French refugee.'

'Oh Fannee, my dear! you have not, dear life, taken up with that frog-eating Frenchman? How did you come to know him?'

'Don't you remember, Aunt Jinnifer, when

I went by coach to Falmouth with Sally Pencoose, he rode by the coach, and we said, for all he looked a highway man. And Sally introduce me, and you know how rude Johnnie Pencoose was to him!'

'Yes, I remember, Miss Sally Pencoose is wild, and for all they hold themselves higher than we, they do not keep themselves up with those they should be stiff with; I never like your going with Miss Sally over much.'

'I like Sally the best of them all, Madame is silly and vain, and Jinny is too flighty, the Squire is very dull, and his son is rough, and more stupid than all—a very bad temper.'

'He is only a bad temper if he is roused. Your uncle always says he has a lot of solid sense.

'Too solid ever to be any good to himself or anyone else; it will never flow out, he is as heavy as lead.'

'Well, Fannee, there is worse going! However, we will drop him, for here is Mar Teazer come for to carry away the pea shreds to the pig's bucket. Now, Fannee, my dear girl,

promise me not to meet that Frenchman without my knowledge, or your uncle's.'

'I don't want to speak to him again.' Then Miss Fanny up and told her aunt all about the fight between Mons Marc Juste and Mr Johnnie Pencoose.

CHAPTER VI.

Now, Maister Anthony Bullen went early to rest on the night of the fourtinth of August 1818, not but what he often rose with the sun, still 'twas harvest time that year and working late you ain't so early, and he had said to Missus at supper,—

'Tis a sight as brings forcible-like the Old Testament, the reaping of corn and the women a-binding sheaves after the men; and the gleaning, the women don't seem so handy as when I were young. Then there was Aunt Kattern Broad, there was Betsey Reel, Peggy Dawe; dear! how active and smart they were. Half-a-man's work they could do easy, and fourpence to sixpence a day wage, hardy and cheerful they was. Barley-bread built up their constitutions, gave 'em health, strength, grit and courage, seeming

me—to me I never see such roody countenances now as then. I remind when I was a boy, the old parson, before Dr Tregonpol, Dr Sladdacott, D.D. He was a book-worm (wrote a Latin history of Cornish church land). Well, he was a crippler with rheumatics, so he used to be carried out into the harvest field, where the most men o' the parish did congregate, and he would have all his ancient books to read, and a big stick with a fine knob to it; and he would be a-reading, and the men would go working on, and forget parson was nigh by, and perhaps a thoughtless one would use swear language, up went the parson's stick in a whirl round his head, and, with a true mark, he heaved right at the swearer's shoulder, a'maist knocked him down. After that, all day they would only chirp like chicken; no swear heard in that field. When I was a little chap I often fetched his stick back for un, and he used to say,—

"'Anthony, my little man, 'tis better I should strike that man than he should go on and provoke the Almighty to strike him dead."

'Now, I do say, that was a forcible lesson not to be forgot; now, some do say, you can't make the men 'tend to ye without swearing loud at 'em; now, thinking of Dr Sladdacott, I have never done it. I have got on as well as any man—cheerfuller service no man ever had, better; I may say hearty service.'

''Tis an interesting tale,' says Missus; 'but if Dr Sladdercott had lived to these here days he would have been had up for 'salt and battery.'

'Don't think they would be so cowardly as not to take the parson's drubbing in a proper spirit when they had done wrong.'

'Oh, Anthony! You are simple, old-fashioned.'

'Glad I be, if 'tis manlier!'

Then Maister went to bed, and he often used to look out for a sign, a simple sign, to make up his mind by; so, as he turned down the long stone passage in the twilight, he says to hisself,—

'As I go up steers, if I see the doves out on the dove-cot roof, I'll go up Crooked

Lane by sunrise as ever is. If I don't see 'em, I won't.'

Now from the long steercase window you could see over the back kitchen yard, into the farmyard, and as the Maister looked out to view, he saw the doves come home for night and lit on the dove-cot wall, real by name call'd the 'Culver House,' the most ancientest thing, Dr Tregonpole say, in all Tredinnick was that Culver House. 'Twas a great, round tower, with pigeon-holes in side like a well, to get into; and you could not get in or out but by fetching a long ladder. When you got a-top the wall, you pulled up the ladder and drop it down inside, so you see 'twas built so it weren't easy to rob the Culver House.

One day Bill Pearce was missing ever so long. They hunt for un; at last Missus say, I told Bill Pearce to bring in some young squabs for a squab pie, so they went to the Culver House, shout round the tower, no ladder to be seen; at last they heard a voice inside the tower, moaning,—

'Lack-a-daisy me, I is most done for, as I

was a-placing the ladder inside I pitchee away on my poor head.' So they went and got another ladder and got un out, and he weren't no more of a poor Isaac than he was before, for pictching away on his head. Isaacs, as we do call they, who are not 'zactly fitty, or as some do say, half-baked, 'put in with the bread and taken out with the cakes'; so when the morning of the fiftinth of August come, Maister waked with the lark. He goes creepy down the back steers, so he sha'n't wake Miss Fanny and the maids; he ain't feared to wake Bill Pearce as he do pass his door, for Bill do sleep like the seven sleepers. You might drash un, and you might drag un, but no mortal could wake Bill before his hour (which were five o'clock rig-gular), for Bill sleep heavy-like.

So all in the fresh morning air, Maister Anthony Bullen walks up his town place, he whistle for Ship in the barn, Ship run on a bit in front of he, and he look up, with a'most human gaze, as if he could say,—

''Tis critic time, Maister.'

They go up Crooked Lane together, and

Maister sees the great red sun rise out of the blue morning summer sea, like a fine mangold wurzel cut in half. Maister looked over the ge-at at the splendour. He heard moo-sick, beau-ti-ful moo-sick, the bleating, bla-ting of a flock o' sheep.

And, Oh, be joyful! he sees all they blessed sheep a-flocking doon right agen him.

And he looked, and he gazed stark. What was that a-driving the flock home? His heart felt like a cold pertater in his mouth, for there was a monstri-ous black sheep a-driving the flock home.

Maister looked at that black sheep till he was a'most ready to drop. Maister Bullen, the strongest Cornishman as ever pull'd off his coat to wrastle, had no more heart left in un, than a sparrow—a chick sparrow.

Maister often said, I wish there had a-been a eye witness more nor me, to have see'd that black sheep; but the only other witness was the poor dumb one. Poor Ship, when he saw the sheep he guv a bark for

"MOO-SICK—BEAUTIFUL MOO-SICK."

joy, he run for'ard, then he sighted the black sheep he gave one leap in the air and fell as dead as a stone. Poor Ship—his first and last fit—poor Ship, Maister grieve prettily for that dog, it prettily grieved he. He says after,—

'What was it kill'd my trusty Ship, my poor dog? 'Twas either the mys-te-ri-ous black sheep or joy; the flock had come home, 'twas one or the t'other that broke his poor heart?'

Now the mon-stri-ous black sheep bolts round double quick, and took the hedge at a leap, and Maister saw him go across country like a divil or a deer, right over the hedges and ditches, right over the moors, up to Laddock.'

And Maister say,—

'Now, what was that black sheep? Was that the divil or Johnny Wiseman? For see that black sheep I sartainly did—and I may say 'twas no ordinary mortal of a black sheep. What was it?'

But Missus Bullen would say,—

'Hish! Hush tu ye! Anthony, man, co! As

we a-got all they blessed sheep back home that was lost—and yer did not waste the ten shilling bit either, we must not enquire too much as to the means.'

Maister then say,—

'True, true, Jinnifer, thee at least has spoken well. Thee at least is a wise woman.'

CHAPTER VII.

Now, Maister was so proud and pleased he got the flock o' sheep home, that he say to Miss Fanny,—

'Fanner, my lamb. We will have a trait to cele-brate this home come of the flock. When the neck is cut we will have a souper, and I'll have the barn cleared out, and ye shall have a dance if ye have a mind.'

Miss Fanny was prettily pleased, and she said,—

'A dance! Oh, Uncle Anthony, what a lark; I will write the invites at once.'

Then Missus and Miss Fanny was much surprised as the Maister said,—

'Well, Fanner, do; and ye shall write one for me; 'tis this :—

'"Mr Anthony Bullen's compliments, and as

he is going to give a trait on the 24th of August, he would be honoured by the company of Mr Marc Juste." '

Missus looked at Miss Fanny; but she was playing with the new puppy to be reared in the place of Ship, so she did not look up.

Missus said,—

'How did ye come to know him, Maister?'

'Well, 'tis a longish story; but you know the strawberry mare, Vi'let, have taken to bolt and shy ever sin Bill Pearce and she got piskay laden, as he do say, or maybe she were frighten'd by her visit to Johnny Hooper's. Well, I was a-riding she along, and there was a man sitting on the bank with a rumberella a-taking pick-shores of the auld cottages, and so Vi'let shied so quick, took me unprepared ways, and I was in the ditch. The gentleman (for he is that) was very sorry he a-had a-been so occupied he did not see me to lower the rumberella. I said "It were only a tumble," and he catched Vi'let for me. I liked his pick-shore, and he said he would walk over with it as a present. Then we conversed; he said he was partly French. I asked un whether he

had ever seen Bonny, and he said, " Scores of of times, and Josephine too." He says he is a greater general than Wellington, and if he'd only been an admiral like Nelson he would have scrunched England up. I say, they can laugh who win. No man's life is long enough to be a general and an admiral too—they both want the best years of short life for 'prentice-ship—so we got on brave, and I'll have another dialogue with he, if I can. "As iron sharpeneth iron," so is French and English.

'I find he is house-steward to Trevogue, but he talked too high for that, so I did not make him out. However, I told him who I was. He said, being so big, he guessed who I were! So, now, Fanner, I wish to invite he, now we are going to give a trait.'

Miss Fanny's heart beat fast, if one could judge by the rose petals that flushed her cheek, and then turn'd lilly white.

So Maister turns to me.

'Now, clerk, you must beat up the 'Quire to come and tunee up a bit.'

So great preparations for a fine trait were

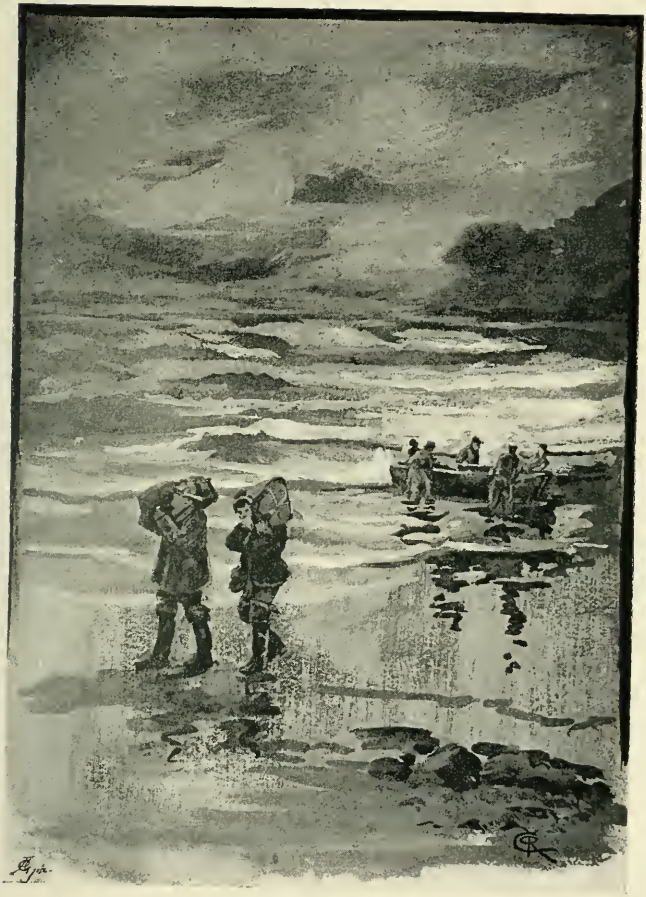
to be made. Miss Fanny wrote her invites.

'I suppose, Aunt Jin-ni-fer, we must invite Madame Pencoose? not that she will come.'

'We must pass the compliment, Fannee. Miss Sally and Miss Jinny will come, and, of course, Johnnie we have not seen for a long time; his arm is still stiff. I wonder Maister have not heard about it. If he knew of that fight they had, he would not be asking of them together.'

'Oh, don't tell uncle, please, Aunt Jinnifer!'

'No, I promised not, and Johnnie is going off on his larks with that boat of his soon. I wonders if Madame Pencoose will come, just to show her smuggled silks, satins and laces. Of course Johnnie Pencoose did not say it when he relate the tale of his ma, in purple velvet, being nigh swept into the mill dam; but I doubt not 'twas smuggled, turban and all! 'Tis the fashion to smuggle; but I always hold a Justice of the Peace should not break the law of the land, or wink at his family doing so; nor parsons



"'Tis the fashion to smuggle."

either, for that! But Dr Tregonpol have always been sturdy against smuggling.'

'He has not got any wife or daughter to dress in silks and lace,' said Miss Fanny, laughing.

'Well, he is very partial to snuff, and I am sure he would not take a pinch, if he were dying for it, if he thought it were smuggled.'

Maister come in at this, and he laughed.

'Well, Jinnifer, how is it that the parson likes taking a pinch from Squire Pencoose's snuff-box? He must know 'tis too good not to be smuggled!'

'Oh, Mr Churchwarden!' laughed Miss Fanny, 'don't tell tales.'

Well, the arter-noon came for crying the neck, which is an insti-too-tion peculiar to Cornwall; no one do know 'zactly what it means. I do hold it mean the neck of the harvest is broken! But our school-maister to Vogue, who is o'er learned, he do say, ''Tis a pagan custom, and the offering is to the goddess Serious.' But I don't believe there ever were such a goddess, or what have us got

to do with she? Sure, our Cornish saints must have swept pagan ways and customs out of Cornwall. Some do go still farther and say, ''Tis a offering to Old Nick!' Now, there is some sense in that. Well, I'll go for to tell ye 'zactly how 'tis done.

First, Miss Fanny had made a lovely neck of corn, with flowers and ribbains, very smart, and plenty harvest flower in it.

Then Maister step forward and took the scythe from one of the men, coat off in proper style, the pick-shore of a handsome farmer, as the likes we shall never see again; he turned, and the last bit of standing corn he mowed down.

That's cutting the 'neck.'

There was a good party in the field. Then Bill Pearce took the neck from Miss Fanny, with an obesiance as Bill knew how to make. And he climbed up the top of a mowie near by (Our country mowie's we rear out in the fields as it might be catching weather. The mowie is shaped like a giant decanter, its cap was the stopper) so Bill, with one arm clutched round the cap of the mowie, with

"Miss Fanny had made a lovely neck of corn."

the other he waved the neck, and says three times,—

'I have. I have. I have.'

Then Woolly Woollaton, who had a good pair of lungs of his own, shouted,—

'What 'ave ye? What 'ave ye? What 'ave ye.'

Bill answered.

'A neck. A neck. A neck.'

Then the whole field shouts, 'Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,' three times, and long down the valley, over the fields and over the oak copses, down to the sea to Port Lemon, all the men that was working down the valley for other farmers, shouted back, 'Hurrah.' 'Maister Bullen to Tredinnick have called (or cried) his neck,' they say to one another. Well then all went into the house to have souper, and 'a proper trait' 'twas, the men in the kitchen, the gentry in the parlour. Miss Sally Pencoose and Miss Jinny, also Mr Johnnie Pencoose, he had his arm still in a sling, and he had paled a bit from the effects, and he certainly did look fine and handsome. He was quieter, and Miss Fanny

was pleasanter to him. She thought as how twas her doing he got the nasty stab. If she had not been there it would not have been mischief. So souper was right merry, and Mons Marc Juste had not come.

Then they went away merry to the barn, and here 'twas Mr Johnnie Pencoose lost 'vantage, for he could not dance the leastest bit. He could ride across country, he could shoot, he could handle a boat-sail, anything, anywhere, but he could not dance, so as he was out of it, and could not do it, he effected to dispise dancing.

Miss Fanny was a-dancing with his cousin, a young lieutenant in the navy, when arrived on horseback Mons Marc. A mighty fine gentleman, his presence and his bearing was sich, that every body made way for him, though 'twas crowded round the door by the gazers. He might have been a French prince he was that splendid. Maister went to meet him. Maister Bullen had hearty, straight, simple manners, as become he well; but the Frenchman was at home in the Courts of Europe, and he

brought all his courtliness into the homely Cornish barn. We country men could see it, much more the ladies. At first he only danced with Miss Sally and Miss Jinny, who, to my mind, looked bedecked without much taste.

The church quire was there, two fiddles, one bass viol, three flutes and a cornet. They made a fine crack with the country dances. In the middle arrived the club band, and they was jealous the church quire were performing away. They said, 'Twas lowering their selves, a church quire, to play dance music.' So the club band rushed up a side passage, and the big drum stuck half-way, so they could not get in or out, and they did not want to smash the big drum, so they was in a fix, wrastling with the big drum, and they could not move it.

Then Miss Fanny danced with the Frenchman, all crowded to look at them, and you could see Miss Fanny enjoyed herself fine, he was such a good dancer. But Mr Johnnie Pencoose he glowered more and more.

Then the Frenchman danced a dance by

himself. Some said 'twas a French hornpipe, or others said it had a much grander name. So, when the gentry went away for more refreshments, Tom John's Tom, who was there, had just come off a man-o'-war on leave who hated the very name of French. He had been a prisoner o' war in France, he said,—

'That weren't no hornpipe at all, at all.'

Then they called on Tom John's Tom, to dance a hornpipe, which he did, and a fine clever one, but stiffer than the Frenchman's dance.

Then the gentry return'd laughing, and Miss Fanny on the Frenchman's arm, and off dancing again. Maister begun to think that Miss Fanny had danced enough with the Frenchman; so as she stopped a bit in the whirl-a-wigg, he says,—

'Fanner! be ye furtigued? My lamb! be ye furtigued?'

For the first time in her life she answered her uncle cross.

'No, uncle; don't trouble about me. I could dance for ever without being tired.'

'For ever is a long day, Fanner. It ain't given to dance our lives away! So just go and see if yer Aunt Jin-ni-fer have the punch ready. I'll look in and taste fust. You know—

"Two sweet,
Two sour,
Four strong,
Six weak."

that's way to make punch.'

But when Maister came by the big hunting bowl Missus had made the punch in, Miss Fanny had not been there at all.

So Maister fumed.

Missus say,—

'Oh, nonsense, Maister. She is only resting a bit in the summer-house.'

But Miss Fanny, with rare beauty, spirits and pranks, was like a ewe lamb to Maister, the apple of his eye, and his heart felt sore that he had done wrong to invite that Frenchman.

It got mutter'd about after the dance that Mr Johnnie Pencoose would kill that French-

man some day, and all for the love of Miss Fanny.

One day Mar Teazer came out into the orchard, and there was at one end a look-out summer-house, built with stones and sea-shells, and glass at one end. You looked down the valley right out to sea. Miss Fanny used to sit and read there. When Mar Teazer found her, she say,—

'Madame Pencoose have come wishing to see Missus, or you, Miss. Missus have gone out in the gig with Maister.'

Miss Fanny rose slowly and went to see Madame Pencoose.

She was very fine; she was always showy. She made a sweep curts'y to Miss Fanny. Still, Miss Fanny's grave and stately curts'y beat her hollow in 'suming pride that apes humbleness; the low curts'y, the rising, proud heart doth show.

'I wish, my good girl—'

'Oh! pray, do not say good—anything but that!' said Miss Fanny.

'I call'd you good, as I know you are good-natur'd,' replied Madame Pencoose.

"It is better to be plain and straightforward in words," said Madame Pencoose.

'I am sorry you are very much at fault. I have not the least good nature about me.'

Madame Pencoose looked foolish as Miss Fanny disclaimed 'good nature.'

'It is better to be plain and straight forward in words,' said Madame Pencoose.

'Yes,' said Miss Fanny; 'if language is not used in that instance to conceal your thoughts.'

'Then, to be plain. Of course, you know my son, Mr Johnnnie' (Madame Pencoose, too late, wished she had not had him christened Johnnie! Now she wanted to be proud and stiff) 'Pencoose is — is — somewhat in love — with you — Miss Uglow—has he told you so?'

'Your son is a very gifted individual; so no doubt I should treasure the very poetical words with which he would express his love or admiration, you may think, so proverbially blind is a mother's admiration for her son; but, in truth, it would not bear repeating, any conversation of Mr Johnnie Pencoose's.'

Madame Pencoose gave up fencing; so she said,—

'I wish you to know that it would never be with our consent (my husband, Squire Pencoose, and myself) that our son should—should—marry you.'

'You wish me to say I do not aspire to the honour, but, on the contrary, I could not sink so low; and if the whole family of Pencoose fell on bended knee, and entreated me to form an alliance with such a noble house, I could not do it.'

'You are a disagreeable, haughty girl,' said Madame Pencoose, 'and you have not a penny to bless yourself with.'

'I warned you I was not good-natur'd, and whether the penny you speak of belongs to me or not, it cannot be of the slightest importance to you after my assurance.'

'You seem to be a girl not lacking that—"assurance." Good-evening, Miss Uglow.'

'Good-evening, Mrs Pencoose.'

CHAPTER VIII.

Now, as Maister Bullen had got his flock o' sheep back in a manner marvel to all Vogue parish, and many parishes round, Johnny Hooper was counted more of a wise man than ever, so he was 'sulted more than ever. There was some who made fun, and said they did not belave in him a bit. For he was credit with some cruel things; some said 'twas spite. Johnny Wiseman was well enough if you did not spite him; if you did, he would spite ye worse back. There was Jan Reel, the son of old Jan Reel, as see'd the old windlass well and the 'Cat-o'-Bell' filled in by Garge and Meary Gait. Jan Reel, this one had a sick cow, tu. They seemed to be onlucky, father and son; their cattle was always sick and dying. Some said 'twas their own faults, they was lazy to 'tend the cattle proper, as

wants care; with care, they reward a man as childers; they must be reared well to reward. So Jan Reel's cows began to die, and, after a bit, he began to say, 'I be bewitched; somebody have wished me ill. I'll find the witch. I'll go to Johnny Hooper's, and hear what he have to say.' So he walks over the moors to Johnny Hooper's. Now, Jan Reel was ever near, and miser-like, so he took nothing in his hand but a crab that had been give to he, and cost him nothing. Johnny Hooper could not abide the mean and stingy, so Jan Reel, if he had been wise, would have taken a duck to make duckee stew, as there was plenty running about in his farm yard. Well, Mr Johnny Hooper was short with the old skin-a-flint, so he say,—

'Jan Reel, yer cattle be ill wishtd, and so will ye, tu, if ye don't mind. I see what is a-coming on ye. There will be ricks, bonfires —ricks make good bonfires. Ah! see how they blaze in friend Jan Reel's yard; that is what I see a-coming on ye. Bonfires! They'll warm ye, though ye can't warm no one else's hand.'

BETTY NEPTUNE.

Jan Reel said,—

'Lors, that is worse and worse. I'm a poor man, and then 'twill be ruin, Maister Hooper.'

Jan Reel were always a plaintive speaker, now he fairly whin'd.

Then says Johnny Hooper,—

'Go home over the moors, and the first auld woman you sees alone, no body by (mind ye, a-al alone, nobody nigh by), she'll be the witch has have ill-wishted your cows. You must scratch her with a bunch of brimble, or what you can find. Now I don't tell ye to hurt her, but, being an old witch, you must draw her blood, and when ye have drawn the witch's blood, you can sleep comfortable in your bed, as snoog and waarm as bonfires can make ye.'

This rough, ignorant old chap goes home over the moors to the top of Mariassic Town. There was a poor old woman, call'd Betty Neptune ; she carried on her shoulders a panier of fish for sale, but now she had sold all her fish, so stayed to pick a few sticks to boil her crock o' taties and pilchards agen her son Bonny, or Bonnypeart Neptune come in

with his boat. Bonnypeart was a strange, wildish chap; he was not cliver, but he was strong, and a good son to his mother.

Jan Reel walks up step-ee-toe behind Betty Neptune, and rubs a bit of prickly fuzz in her face; she screech, and banged him with the fish panier.

So Jan Reel got two blackee eyes, and the worst of the encounter with Betty Neptune, and she went away home to tell her big son Bonnypeart. He said,—

'This very night I'll be off to Vogue parish, and I'll wake up that Jan Reel.' And he did, and he set all the ricks ablaze, and then, when Jan Reel came out, he drubbed him fine, as he said,—

'Take that for my mither. Ah, ye shall not treat her rough agen, not if Bonnypeart Neptune know it.'

The people round about took agen Johnny Hooper, and said he was 'citing people to do mischief to one another, and they said Johnny Hooper must mind his self what he was about; or they would see to it.'

And some gentlemen farmers say they would

'stop Mr John Hooper's pranks!' they would have 'no more of his pranks;' so the crafty ones, these gentlemen farmers, said they would unmask Johnny Hooper, and show the foolish people he was no wise man at all, but only a very or-din-nary auld mortal of an imposter, they would test he before the public, and — and they digged a pit-fall for Johnny Wiseman. They was fine and cunning, as you shall presently see. Some farmer had been and trapp'd an auld fox; so the crafty ones, as was a-plotting Mr Johnny Hooper's downfall, gets hold of the fox — in secret, as 'tis not many as would like to own as how they had trapp'd a fox in the country as is hunted by the best hunt in all England, 'The Barrow to the Fore Hunt.'

The two crafty ones, by name, was Mr Tregeagle, the steward to Sir Kit-Kattle, and the other was Mr Trounce, the publican or landlord of Barley Sheaf Inn, to Stickzer Church Town. Mr Tregeagle rode over with the old dead fox under his coat. 'Twas a mercy for un he did not meet long with the hounds that afternoon, for sure they would

have torn he to pieces on the scent of the old fox. When he come in to the inn yard he shout for Mr Trounce, and he do tell the landlord the secret behind the pump, and he showed the old fox, and he said,—

'Do ye think, Mr Trounce, unbeknownest to yer missus and darters, ye could make a pie crustee, and put this here old fox into a pie?'

Says Mr Trounce,—

'He have an air with him, that old fox! He wont be the sweetest cooking; but I'll do it. I'll do it, if I gets up in the middle of the night to 'eat the oven! I'll cook un in a pie. Yes, tho' it be a nose-teazing thing to do—and no nose-gay—but I'll do it.'

The next day but one was the court rent day of Sir Kit-Kattle's, and it was held in the Barley Sheaf Inn. So the company 'sembled down steers in the sanded parlour of the Barley Sheaf. After a bit the room was choke full, and much buzz over cattle and crops.

Mr Trounce opened the door and hollered,—

'Gentlemun! Dinner is prounced! Foller I up steers to the dine parlour!'

Mr Tregeagle, as the steward of Sir Kit-Kattle, sits to the bottom of the table, and the pie was brought in all of a smoke! Now, Mr Trounce had baked that pie so uncommon well, there was only an air of innions about it, so nobody 'spected what was in that pie!

''Twas a brave pie!' as Mr Trounce whisper to Mr Tregeagle. 'It might have been a *lambees* tail pie! It looked innocent enough!'

Mr Tregeagle stands up, and he taps the crust with the carvers, and he cleared his pipes to make a speeeh, as some parsons do afore they gives out their textes. Some thing is coming! as with his eye he sweeps the 'sembled company, so all eyes are fixed on he with stark stare; for they all see 'tis 'portant what is welling up on Mr Tregeagle's tongue for speech; for why should he go for to look so solemn, and balance the carving-knife as if he was a-judging weight, if not so? Then, having gathered all eyes on himself, he do turn quick sharp on Mr John Hooper, and they follows the lead, and all eyes stare at Mr John Hooper, who have his elbows well

plant on the table, with knife and fork in hand, ready to fall tu.

Mr Tregeagle says,—

'Gentlemun, and Mr John Hooper in 'tickler we do all know, up and down thro' Cornwall, the proper powerful wise man. Now, there's two meanings to that word, one the common witchcraft meaning, the t'other a son of Solomon. I won't go so far as to say Mr John Hooper ain't a son of Solomon; but I do say the folks as consult he in the witch line ain't, to my mind, sons of Solomon; but there is some here as do give credit to Mr John Hooper, and that he can see thro' a deal board, two inch thick, the lanscrape beyond, as if that board were only a milky strainer. (Laughter.)

'It is pleasant, gentlemun, all round. So now, Mr Hooper, in a pleasant way, if you would be pleased to obligee I and company by a-telling me what is in this here pie? As you are counted a wise man, ye can for sure know what this here pie is made of? What is in this here pie?'

Mr Johnny Hooper was dumber-founder'd

"What is in this here pie?"

to be asked before the company and gentry, 'What was in that pie?' He were, as you may say, wil-der-red, and took all of a heap to be asked, 'What was in that pie?'

There had been a passel o' ton-gue-ing away. Now all was silent, solemn, awaiting, awaiting for the wizard's answer.

Then says Johnny Hooper, says he,—

'*The old, old fox caught at last.*'

The company did burst their side with laughter when Mr Tregeagle said,—

'Yes, sure, the old fox trapp'd and put in a pie.'

There was roars of laughter till something less savour come in, and they fell tu like good Cornish trenchermen, as they were.

After harvest was well in, and no moon about, 'twas suspicious time to rin a cargo or two, and the fishermen to Polvogue was good hands at smuggling, every man, woman and child had a hand in it; and how to dodge the preventive officer and his men was all their bringing up, and the revenue cutter, and as us lan'smen, high up in the parish, we all had a venture, and some

was part owners (or honours as we call them).

Mr Johnnie Pencoose his self was pretty daring, he had a boat, a cutter rigg'd, called the 'Sea Pink.' She was painted 'pink,' light, for reasons best known to Mr Johnnie. There was not one born in Vogue that did not know all about the voyages of the 'Sea Pink.' She was like a good story-book, for the ventures she went through, and how she rinned, and how she 'scaped. 'The "Sea Pink" is lying off,' or 'the "Sea Pink" is in bay,' or 'she have shown a clear pair of heels to the revenue cutter's men.' This was all the talks during the season she was afloat.

When Madame Pencoose returned to Trenisky, after her call on Miss Fanny, she could not leave well alone, as Miss Fanny had declared nothing would make her wed so low, but Madame Pencoose must up, and tell her son she had interfered.

Mr Johnnie was like a mad man, mad with his mother, mad with all, and he says,—

'You have ruined me. I don't care what becomes of me. I'll go to the bad; I'll go

off in the "Sea Pink"—no I won't, I'll do something they shall transport me for, or I'll get hanged. I'll be the death of that Frenchman,' so he raved out. 'Twas a time they had.

The old Squire said,—

'Let the boy bide, and if he have a mind to marry Miss Uglow, let un.'

'Oh, Squire,' says Madame, 'she's only the daughter of a mine captain, and her uncle is Mr Bullen of Tredinnick; it can't be.'

'Why not?' and for the first time he threw the trade Madame was reared on in her face. 'A mine captain's daughter is as good as a shoemaker's.'

'Or the son of a bal-girl,' said Madame Pencoose leaving the room.

The 'Sea Pink' was being fitted out for a long voyage, and they said Mr Johnnie Pencoose is off to South America, as Miss Fanny Uglow will not have him.

But he called at Tredinnick one afternoon. As luck would have it Mons Marc Juste call'd at the same time, and Miss Sally

Pencoose had come before, and had been a-nutting with Miss Fanny. She had told Miss Sally she had better not come to Tredinnick as Miss Fanny said she did not think her parents liked her coming. But Miss Sally had actual shed tears, and said 'she would cling to her friend thro' thick and thin.' If the men who saw Miss Fanny were in love with her the women were more so; and it takes a fine disposition to rule the hearts of women, and Miss Fanny was of noble heart.

The two pretty young ladies are resting on the garden seat, with their long crook sticks by their side, laughing and counting their nuts, Mons Marc on one knee picking up nuts that had fallen. He had been most entertaining, and Miss Fanny was beginning again to think she liked him. Certainly he was a clever man, and the best of company; and he talked of things that seemed like fairy land, of gay soldiers and beautiful women. 'Twas spi-cey talk; even Missus Bullen allow, 'twas in-ter-es-ting, mighty so.

When Mr Johnnie Pencoose ran up the

stone steps and opened the small garden door with the deep arch and creepers hanging overhead, the pretty picture inside on the lawn made him glower and curse and swear in his heart, fine; he was that savage, he would have kill'd Mons Marc on the spot.

And he said, 'I would like to kill him, though I know she won't have me either way.' His heart was sore, full of passion; but Miss Fanny thought 'how tiresome of that ill-tempered Johnnie Pencoose to come just now, when it was so pleasant, and we were having an agreeable time—really—I wish he would keep away; go off in his "Sea Pink," and never see him again.'

'How con-trai-er-ry the world of men and women is,' and yet if ever she breaks down and fall in love with him she will have no better time of it than most wives, she had better keep clear and keep her light heart; sweet dear, with her laughing ways.

So Mr Johnnie begun rough to his sister, as if it was her fault all the con-trai-er-ri-ness of life.

'Sally! Madame and the old gentleman are in a rage at home; when you drove the pony out you left the gate open, and all the bullocks and pigs are on the front lawn, and one bullock canter'd thro' the new garden frames, and is now kicking about in the forcing pit. You will get it when you get home; they both say you sha'n't go to uncle's in London for the Christmas, you will have to stay at home.'

'I don't believe you, Johnnie. I never left the gate open, and how spiteful of them if I did, to say I should not go to London;' and Miss Sally, who was rather a cry baby, begun to sob.

It always cut Miss Fanny to the heart to see anybody cry, and she never seem'd to get used to it, though her friend must have done it often.

Miss Fanny started up, and said,—

'How dare you, Johnnie, make her cry, it is most likely stories, those are the sort of tricks you like to play your mother and sisters, but it is no fun, the roughest horse play. Come, Sally, don't cry, I don't believe him, they wouldn't stop your going to London. They

never said it. I don't believe him,' and her dark blue eyes looked angrily at Mr Johnnie Pencoose.

'I daresay you don't believe me, you never do; but I'm not the li—'

Mons Marc finished the word with the French and a shrug.

Mr Johnnie Pencoose could not contain himself, and grasped his riding whip again as if he would thrash him, and there was a fine bit of playing — acting, only they were not acting, it was all real, at least with Mr Johnnie Pencoose who was too passionate to see the consequences.

Miss Fanny tried her best, but what she said only made it worse, so she took Miss Sally by the arm and said,—

'Dear, we must leave these angery gentlemen.'

'Oh, how rude Johnnie is, he will never learn manners; and we were all so happy. Did you ever hear any one talk like Mons Marc, and what a gay and beautiful world he has lived in. Oh, what heavenly place Paris must be. Fancy, if one could get

the chance of getting out of this horrid old Vogue Parish; if one could only live in Paris!'

'I don't know, dear,' said Miss Fanny; 'you were happy enough nutting just now; you said it was fun.'

'Oh, I am so sick of Trenisky and all. I hate this dull place,' cried Miss Sally.

Meantime, the two men became more sensible as they became more furious, the sense of cool determined vengeance. They walked down the lane, and no doubt they made some arrangement then to meet elsewhere, and for deadly purpose.

A few days after the 'Sea Pink' was ready. No one knew whether she was after smuggling or not; they said she was going to Spain first.

Mr Johnnie Pencoose took leave of Maister Bullen, as if he was never coming back again, and the two had a long discourse in the middle of a harrish (stubble) field, it is wise to talk secrets in the middle of a ten-acre field, you can see all round you that no eavesdroppers are nigh by.

Poor Mr Johnnie Pencoose did not seem his rollicking self at all when he said good-bye to Missus, and Miss Fanny was call'd down by Maister; but she set her face as a flint and as cool and handsome as you could see.

'How she hates me,' he said, with as deep a groan as any man gave to himself.

CHAPTER IX.

Now comes a strange tale, and I must give it, as far as I are able, in the word of Lord Respry, as he told the Maister long after, when things got cleared up a bit:—

'I was in my library when my man came to ask for an interview for "Mons Marc," or, as he was known to me, as young Baron Laraile. I rose to meet him, as he was my equal in birth, though he had been in disguise as the cook in my establishment. I had given him the refuge of my house at the request of a beautiful French lady (round her exquisite grace gathers the romance of my life), so I could but grant her request to give a home to her friend.

'It was disagreeable enough to have a

hot-tempered young Frenchman in a very anomalous position in my house; but it could not be helped, and I had to make the best of it. He began by quarrelling with the son of an old squireen, one of my neighbours, and that was very unpleasant. I cautioned him well over this.

'This morning he came into the library with his brows knit, and a handful of letters in his hand.

'I was told Baron Laraile was poor; but he seemed to get money sent him. He bought himself a fine hack, and he was always in the tip-toe of fashion. I warned him the people would talk, it did not suit his cook's character at all; but he only laughed. He was a very pleasant fellow, though I often wished him well out of the house. All my English servants hated him. My French valet more than all despised him; but of course I always cut him short if he began to talk of Baron Laraile. He seemed to delight in calling him "Mons Cook." The only person in the house who seemed on friendly terms with him was

Sweeny, the real cook; but I always thought Sweeny a first-rate cook, but a consummate rascal.

'The Baron began in French,—

'"I wish, my lord, to go to London, if convenient to you; but I cannot go without disguise. I hear, my lord, you are leaving. If you would confer one more favour on me, and allow me to travel as your valet, I should be intensely obliged, and will give you a thousand thanks. From London I hope to go to Germany, where I may settle something, and be able to return to my home in the Pyrenees."

'"I am glad to hear it, Baron," I said, greatly relieved at the speedy prospect of getting rid of him, "and I have no objection to your travelling as my second valet. Of course I must take Antoine."

'He frowned at this I thought afterwards.

'"I am only going as far as Exeter, and then I have to meet an agent between Weymouth and Exeter."

'Baron Laraile's face brightened as he said,—

'"My Lord, the very thing; I can cross from Weymouth, most likely?"

'"Very well; what is it to-day—Tuesday? We will leave on Thursday."

'We bowed and parted.

. . . . . .

'As we got out of Cornwall we had to face a tremendous snowstorm. I never remember such a storm so early in November. When we got to Plymouth they said it was impossible for my carriage to get on to Exeter; it was doubtful if the coach would run. However, I laughed; with four horses and my post-boys, why should we not do it? At last we reached Exeter and the very comfortable hotel. I said I would wait a day; and if my agent did not come on to Exeter, I would not take the carriage. The snow had drifted, so that I thought it was doubtful if we could drive. The Baron proposed our riding to a certain little inn I had spoken of; and the agent would not be far off, and could well ride there; and he, Baron Laraile, would push on to Weymouth.

'So we three were to ride the next day.

The next morning the boots came to inform me my valet Antoine was very ill. Of course I sent for a doctor; the doctor shook his head, and talked of a "severe chill." "Very severe," I answered, "seeing he seems quite insensible. I cannot think what can be the matter with him; he is hardy little French fellow as ever was." The doctor smiled at my being puzzled, and repeated, "a severe chill." Then I consulted the Baron, who seemed full of concern that poor Antoine was so ill. He thought it would be better for me to remain till Antoine got better and recovered. I never liked to be baulked in anything I have undertaken, and I had promised Lady Respry to meet her at my daughter's in Wales, so I said,—

'"Well, Baron, do as you like; I shall ride, as I said, to meet my agent."

'He said,—

'"Then, my Lord, allow me to go with you; and when you return to Exeter, I will wish adieu, and go on to Weymouth."

'And so we started. It was a beautiful

morning as we trotted out of Exeter and left the old walled city and its cathedral behind us. At first it was well enough riding; it was not freezing, and we were on the old coach road that had been cleared of snow; however, as the day went on, it became overcast and bitterly cold, and we became very silent as riding became more difficult. At last I said,—

'"Baron, if we could only read that sign-post on the hedge, we should know where we were."

'He answered,—

'"I will do it, my lord; and I'll climb up the hedge, clear it, and strike a light. I have a Spanish *allumette*."

'We spoke in French, as the Baron's English was not good.

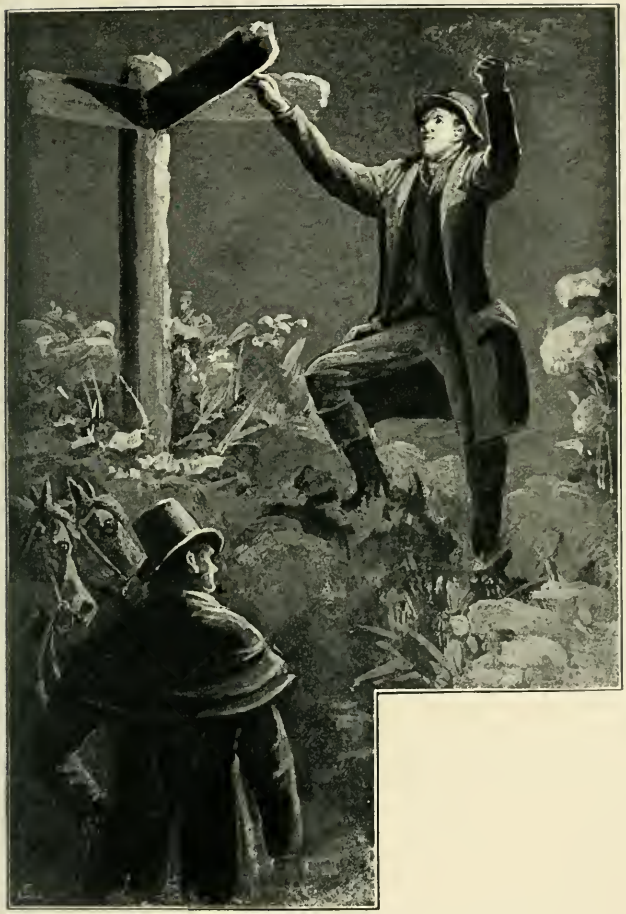
'I held his horse. He climbed the high hedge with some difficulty; as the snow had drifted on to it he could get no footing; but, having reached the top, he climbed up the sign-post, knocked off the snow with his sleeve, and lit the coil or tinder. It struck me, as his dark face was illuminated over

his many brown cloth riding-capes, that the Baron's was a very evil face, and he looked like a murderous brigand; and my misgivings about him seemed to take form and shape then and there.

'I felt for my saddle or horse pistols, they were not in their leather case. I had always kept them in their cases going any journey, as my father and grandfather had done before, although, of course, it was far safer travelling, in fact one hardly heard of such a thing as highway robbery. I put my hand on the Baron's saddle. Under a thick greatcoat hung the leather cases, my pistols inside. I quickly transferred them to their own cases. They were loaded I knew, and I had a tin box of caps in my pocket. I had just time to buckle it down as I lent over the horse so as to look undisturbed, when the Baron spelt out, for my translation, the sign-post—

'"S-O-R-R-L-E-Y G-R-E-E N."

'"Ah," I said with a start, "we are only



"He looked like a murderous brigand."

two hundred yards from the inn," and to myself, "God be thanked, and I am armed young man, whether you are or not."

'As he got into the saddle I said,—

'"Now trot on, Baron, round that corner you will see the light of the inn."

'It was light enough for me to see he put his hand under the coat and searched for the pistols. Ah, my friend is getting dangerous. A sharp whistle.

'"What is that for?" he said.

'"Only to wake up the ostler," I replied.

'In a few minutes we were in the inn porch, and with the landlord bustled out my old, white-haired agent. I took out my pistols and put them in the deep pockets of my riding coat, and yet it seemed foolish in a little Devonshire inn to be so cautious. We dined together in the little inn parlour, and never seemed a more harmless trio, and, perhaps, I had been rather foolish to suspect him, and, perhaps, it was nothing but the old caution coming up, as with the English army in Spain I had learnt to be somewhat on

the alert. I never knew the Baron could be so pleasant, and he talked his broken English well to please my agent, Mr Sambells. At last the Baron rose, wishing us farewell, as, before we were at breakfast, he said he should be on his road to Weymouth. He thanked me profusely for my kindest hospitality and protection. I felt certain now I had wronged him, so I held out my hand, but which he did not seem to see, as he turned to bow to Mr Sambells.

'Sambells and myself remained talking some time on business. He had sold a small property for me in the neighbourhood. As we finished Sambells said,—

'"I have, my Lord, the money in gold and notes, as you wished, two thousand three hundred pounds. It is a large sum in cash; but as you wrote wishing me to meet you here I have done so."

'"Quite right," I answered, it was as I desired. I had certain reasons for requiring a sum of money in Wales, where I was going after Exeter. Mr Sambells then asked

me if I would keep the money, or if he should, till the morning, "as" he said, "it is safe enough in this little quiet inn, well known to me."

'I remembered my pistols in my coat pockets, and how I had locked the door, and had the key in my pocket—so my pistols were safe enough, and I told Sambells I would "take the money." When Sambells handed it over and went off, I remained, as I thought, a half hour; it was past twelve o'clock, the lights, such as they were, were left burning, and I thought some one must be about when I got to my room door, and put the key in it, it would not turn. "Here is a go! Surely some one has been tampering with the lock." I turned the handle, the door was unlocked. Of course I looked sharply round the room; it was all right. My pistols were safe in my coat pockets, and I examined them well all right! I drew the charge, and reloaded; the room was undisturbed, except some blundering chamber maid had brought in a huge wooden tub half-filled with cold water.

'I always had a cold bath summer and

winter, so I suppose Sambells had kindly seen to this; he knew my habit. I can't lock the door, but I'll put the tub against it; it will be something to do to move that, and my pistols at hand. I'll give any thief a warm reception. I placed the money and my watch under the pillow, and put the loaded pistols on a chair close to the bed. Pulling up the blind there would be a glimmer of light in the little room. I fell asleep—at first so tired that I felt indifferent to money or anything else, not so young as I was, worn out with my long ride—a dreamless sleep. Wish! Wash!! what was that? In another minute, before I was awake enough to think, a cold muzzle just on my temple, and a hand under my pillow slowly grasping the watch and money. I lay quite quiet; it would be death if I moved. My life was of more value than the two thousand or so, and my watch; I did not move, I felt both my pistols were removed. Lying quiet, as he left the room, I could swear to his height and the collars of his riding-cloak; it was Baron Laraile. In one instant the scoundrel

had managed to lock the door. A bell! No; the rope had been cut. I kicked and shouted, no answer. I opened the window and shouted "Murder" as loud as I could. After a time a window was let down across the snowy green, and a shout,—

'"Be ye drunk there or ye sober-wise?"

'"Certainly not drunk. I will give you a sovereign if you get up and call up the people here?"

'"You are a gentleman, I s'pose, and as good as your word?"

'"Yes, come along, you know Mr Sambells, he is my agent."

'"Then you must be Mr Respry, commonly called Lord; but I call no man Lord," shouted back the stout Devonian Puritan.

'Of course the Baron was missing, and the stables were empty. My horse and the two or three wretched nags that belonged to the place gone. They strayed home in the daylight. Twenty miles out my horse was found shot dead. He must have then got off with the other horse.

'A horse may be a vain thing to save a

man, but two can do it. When I got back to Exeter it was too late. The curious thing was, he was afterwards traced to Weymouth, but, more remarkable still, he got off in Mr Johnnie Pencoose's yacht, the "Sea Pink."'

THE SEA PINK.

CHAPTER X.

All the people round about Polvogue wondered that the 'Sea Pink' and her 'Honour,' Mr Johnnie Pencoose, was never heard tell of. The beautiful 'Sea Pink' seemed to have flown right away out of our oceans altogether; and she was not a-rinning a cargo either. And Squire Pencoose never heard tell of his son. The poor old Squire got very wisht in temper at the loss of his plauge-ee young son, as he said "'twas too quiet by half." And the Squire fell foul of Madame, and said,—

'If you had not 'posed the match he would have been with us to this day.'

Madame said,—

'Squire, you don't know anything about it. That proud young chit would not have him.'

'I don't believe ye! And he wrapped up in she, worshipping the very ground she trod on! True love must tell. My poor boy!'

He was getting quite totelish with the loss of his son.

And the old gentleman would ride over and talk a good deal with Miss Fanny, bringing her flowers, etc. And Miss Fanny felt for him, and she allowed him to go on talking about his son. He was a proper hero in his father's eyes. No one could shoot, hunt or fish like 'our young fellow Johnnie.'

Madame Pencoose took it to heart quite as much Mr Johnnie's never writing a line to say where he was; and unknown to his father she advertised a lot:—

'Would "Sea Pink" return to the house of his family.'

Miss Fanny herself began to get rather moody-hearted. She had a great shock when her uncle told her Lord Respry's tale. And Lord Respry had set to work to

make inquiries about him, and to try and trace him out, Mons Marc.

'Fancy,' she said to Miss Jinny, for Miss Sally was wintering to London Town, — 'Fancy his being a common thief! To rob and nearly murder Lord Respry, who had shown him so much kindness and hospitality. And Lord Respry says he must have tampered with his letters to have known he was going to fetch a large sum of money. At all events, he nearly murdered poor Antoine, as he drugged his coffee, no doubt. What a villain and a scoundrel!'

'Well, Missus,' says Maister one day, 'I have news for ye! Your cousin, Captain Walter Wonce, is to be High Sheriff next year. He's one of the richest men in all Cornwall. Here's a letter to invite we to Wheal Fortune Castle; down near Hayle, ain't it?'

'I believe 'tis a fine place; but he did and do call it his little breakfast cruets, his pepper castors; and a salt-cellar in the middle is his style of ar-ti-teck-shore. What do you say, Fannee, my child, for a change,

to get the wild roses back into your cheeks, child?' said Missus, with anxious look at Miss Fanny.

'I am not invited,' said Miss Fanny. 'I'll take care of the house. Do go, Aunt Jinnifer.'

'No, Fanny; you are asked particularly.'

Now, I should like to tell ye about Captain Walter Wonce. How did he make his money? First they did say he come into notice as a lad of fourteen by the wonderful power he had with the divining-rod. Now, I have never seen a divining-rod, but I have heard 'tis a hazel-nut in bud, a forkee hazel-nut, and anyone who has the power can hold it in the hollow of his hand without touching it with his fingers. He holds it downwards, and races along; a pretty race it takes you! Run you must, and can't stay yerself. An open shaft and ye will be in it afore you could say 'Carn Brea.' Then they tell, before the power comes, you have to shut yourself up in the dark, and take no food; and after a bit starving and in the dark you can't sleep, you

become fully charged. Then you are let out. You have cut the hazel rod first; all these days it has been with you. Then this part I have seen — a youth tearing along like a mad boy, all the mine captains a-rushing after him, the boy, with the rod in his hand. Then it begin to shake and jump, and you stand still, and with the rod in your hand, and you are fully charged with whatever it may be. You can't nowise pass that spot. Lower away! cut a shaft; there is mineral there.

Now, some do say 'tis such a mystery they don't like a-talking of it. Others do say 'tis nothing but natural, and 'tis 'a power in its infancy.' However, they say it was a sight to see 'em start. Little Watty Wonce, as he was a-call'd then, let out of the dark cell with no victuals, and some say I tell ye wrong. He first raced to cut his stick, a good forkee hazel-nut, the forks cut off into a wand. Then he would place it in the palm of his hand, and off he would tear, the mine gentry after un, all in black broad-cloth, respectable coats to do business in, but not

to tear across the moors on a hot summer day. 'Twas a sight to see 'em start!—Watty Wonce's long hair a-flowing. Perhaps he got the current charge in his hair—it used to stand a'most on end—and that, maybe, when he dropp'd the power, he shaved off, and wore a wig. Then, I say, Watty Wonce would come to a dead lock, and the hazel-nut wand or rod would jump and shake in his hand. There was mineral there.

I have heard tell little Watty Wonce was dead beat after that, and had proper head-aches. Well, that was the beginning of his fortune. After that he was a skemey one, he was, and he used his brains to some purpose. He was, as you may say, 'a proper Carnish car-rack-tur,' and no mistake. He used to tell a pretty sight of jokes against himself.

'Twas all in a dazzling inn to London town—'twas not call'd 'Royal,' 'Red Lion,' or 'Saladin Head,' but only after the street nigh by was it a-named. 'Twas bright with glass and glitter, fit for the Lord Mayor to dine to table every day. In come Captain Wonce, our High Sheriff, and sat he down

to table. They had just gone and put the brath into big silver urn-like thing. Says Captain Wonce to the waiter,—

'Waiter, I have got a passel o' silver in my house down by Camborne they do call 'Wheal Fortune Cassel'—a pretty breakfast cruet's of a cassel it be too—but that ain't here or there. But what I say is, I have never see'd an urn to hold bra-aths in like this here.'

'Yessir—no, sir—indeed, sir!'

'Now, what do ye, go for to ca-al this here urn to hold bra-aths in?'

'Yessir—please, sir—to hold bra-aths, sir!

With the ladle in his hand a-stirring round about, Captain Wonce says,

'Why, man, ye know bra-ath's this here trade!'

'Yessir—soup, sir.'

'Well, cockney fin-ni-ker, so-op, brath, what do ye call, man, this here silver urn?'

'A silver turin, sir.'

'Ah, now, there 'tis! Now I know what to ca-al for tu shop. A centurin!—that 'll do, waiter!'

'Yessir!'

The next day Captain Wonce goes to the smartest shop 'long Regent Street, and he says to the jeweller,—

'I want a centurin!'

'We have not got one, sir.'

'What? not got a centurion, for table, to put bra-aths in!'

'No, sir; I am afraid we can't oblige you, sir. We never had a centre piece as a centurion!'

''Tisn't a sintre piece, man! 'Tis a urn they put bra-aths in, but I expects a London man would ca-al it so-o-p!'

'Oh, sir! for soup!—a silver turin!

'That's the article. And mind me it be zolid silver, good. None of yer gim-cracks for me!' said Captain Wonce.

Then, coming back to the inn, he says to his self, 'I wonder what cousin Jinnifer Bullen would think of sich a fine urn to hold bra-aths in! I have not see'd she or Anthony for many a day past. I'll write to 'em, and invite 'em to Wheal Fortun Cassel. And their niece, tu, as I hears, is growed a fine gal.'

So it come to pass some time after Maister and Missus and Miss Fanny start away in the Coburg to Wheal Fortun Cassel.

The High Sheriff did it in proper style. He was standing with his four serving men in red plush on the steps, and he on the topmost step, as seemed to me suitable he had climbed the ladder to fortune. He say,—

'Wilcome! wilcome, cousin Jinnifer, yer goodman and niece, Miss Fanny. I am proud to see ye!'

Shrew man as he was, a fine brave girl as Miss Fanny delight he, and he weren't above showing proud of sich a beauty.

And he showed up all, and hand 'em all about. Maister says,—

''Tis a rare sight; but they boiling steam houses for plants is t' much for me. I'll walk 'ee around by yer ricks and meadows to the back, and see yer Jarsey heifers, if I may.'

But Missus, she say, 'my,' and 'My life, Fannee, look here!' hundreds and hundreds of times.

And he, Captain Wonce, prettily delight

in Miss Fanny, and cracked away his jokes fine, and she laughed right gay as she had not done for a long-full time. He cut her flowers, and he said,—

'I'll keep the rest; for to-morrow night I'm going to give a ba-al.'

. . . . . .

Now, even to Vogue Parish, where we lived long and hearty, 'tis gloom time sometimes, and some are called away; and about this time we lost our old Rector, Dr Tregonpol, and I may say the parish was widowed with the loss of he. And the boys and maids fatherless. Fifty and two year he had been Rector; and he was a past master in learning before he come, for Vogue was a College living, and learned and steady men always filled it.

Then come Dr Gwinear to the parish, and his sister, Miss Kattern-Ann Gwinear, both proper Cornish gentry, though they had lived to Oxford a longish bit. Miss Kattern-Ann was as learned every bit as her brother, Dr Peter Luke Gwinear, D.D. The Vogue people soon highly respected Miss Kattern-

Ann; but she was certainly ''centrix,' as they say. She took things up with a flourish. All the parish must gan her gait then. Sometimes 'twas one thing, sometimes 'twas another — the sick and the old, the cottage 'orspital — she set going; then 'twas the babies as she knew nothing about — 'a *crêsh*,' as she say. She was all for thrift, and to be clean and tidy. Of course the ontidy ones did not like it, and the tidy ones could do without it.

'So there 'twas.' She would come in and sweep the cottages out herself, if a person was sick cover 'em up with sheets; and the dust she kicked up! and the pitchers she broke! and the children she frighten'd! They used to say,—

'There is Miss Kattern-Ann, like a cat in a garret!'

The parish was tidied up fine!

Fancy a village wash-house over the stream, and the 'pliances, hot and cold, mangling— so the husbands should not have the washing about!

Miss Kattern-Ann say to her brother,—

'Peter-Luke, I leave the godliness to you in the parish; I'll look after the cleanliness.'

So they was called by those names in the parish — Miss Cleanliness and Dr Godliness. I don't hold by calling names, but it seemed suitable to they two. In looks they was quite a pair — thin and tall, and most clever looking; but Dr Gwinear was the mildest and the humblest. He would say,—

'My dear, dear Kattern-Ann, the people will not be ruled in this way.'

But she never hearken'd. She say,—

'Peter-Luke, they must! it is high time some one took them in hand!'

But Dr Gwinear was great for schools; he built the schools, and in his time the church was restored. They are going on at that. So little is left of the old Vogue church, with what they call restoring.

. . . . . .

Ye have heard me speak of Tom John's Tom. He had left the navy and had gone off in the 'Sea Pink' with Mr Johnnie Pencoose. It was nigh upon two years since

the 'Sea Pink' had left. One day, the carrier's cart, that goes to Mariassic stopp'd and let he down, Tom John's Tom; and pretty astonished we were! He had lost the use of one leg, and he was blind of one eye. No more hornpipes for poor Tom John's Tom.

'We asked how he come to be such a cripple.'

He say, Tom John's Tom,—

'It is too long a tale to tell ye standin' here, right to the middle of the road, and, moreo'r, I shall not tell ye much till I have spake my message to Squire Pencoose.

'Where is the "Sea Pink;" you'll tell us that much; and where is Mr Johnny Pencoose?'

'The "Sea Pink" I should ha' think is in Greek waters by now. Mr Johnnie Pencoose, if he is alive, he is in a French prison.'

'What for?' they all cried out; 'What for?'

'For jist sticking to his own and behaving as a true Briton and hero,' was all Tom John's Tom could say, and that arter-

noon the neighbours lent him a donkey and cart, and he went off to tell his tale to Trenisky.

It seems 'twas time when the 'Sea Pink' started. She ran up to Plymouth, and her honour, Mr Johnnie Pencoose, joined her there; then they went up channel, after bit they ran into Weymouth. Mr Johnnie landed, and one evening he came off with Mons Marc in the 'Dhingy,' and they sailed away that evening, and they ran down to Bordeaux. There we landed Mons Marc. Mr Johnnie never spoke to him all the voyage. After Bordeaux we went on Bayonne; went up the river and lay alongside the quay, but a good bit from the wharfs and the rest of the shippen'. One morning he had up the cap'er, Cap'en Jimmoo Pomeroy, and they landed together. In the evening Cap'en Jimmoo come back and told a wisht poor tale that Mr Johnnie Pencoose had fought a duel with Mons Marc; had brought him away from England on purpose to fight him, and it had ended bad for Mr Johnnie. He was run through the body, alive and no

more. Captain Jimmoo said he had got the doctor for him, but he could not understand the surgeon. However, he took the bullet out of his side, but he would not allow him to be moved, so Captain Jimmoo had only come to fetch brandy and things; he would return in a few evenings; we never saw Captain Jimmoo again.

Two days after, the mate got an English letter. It told him to take the 'Sea Pink' down the river and remain in the outer harbour, and the letter was signed for J. Pencoose. Down went the 'Sea Pink,' and in the evening she lay off the light-house. A gig came alongside with five or six men.

Tu few minutes they were on the deck, the tallest, Tom John's Tom would swear ''twas the rascal Marc?' He went up to mate and shot him dead—the rest of the crew he shot down; but the cook or steward and Tom John's Tom, they jumped overboard and made for shore—they fired at them from the yacht—he felt he was hit on the head. The steward, Tim Timmings, was not hurt. They crawled away and hid themselves, and

they saw the 'Sea Pink' sail away. The next day they was took up and put in a French barn they called a prison; all about there Wellington had been with the English army not so many years ago, and so all about they hated the English, and would clap one into prison for nothing at all.

Tom John's Tom relate his escape. They was put into a sort of barn prison till the Mari (as they do call, he say, a Mayor to France), till he was satisfied they were not spies, come to plan another invasion of the English, but 'twas all excuse; only spite against the English. The old barn building that they locked them up in, with Timothy Timming's, who was a Mariassic man we all knew about he, in Vogue Parish. They were put into a big room, very high up, at the top of the building. On one side there was a door bolted strong, that led down a long flight of stone steps into the street, or rather open market-place. There was a very small window, with iron bars. No man could get in or out, but Tim, who had a very narrer head, could push it through and hold con-

verse with the market women. Market days 'twas high entertainment, like fair stannings about. Rumberellas and fruit women, fine and gay stalls, with every colour hankerchees and beads and images; he say more gay than any show down to Truro Whitsuntide. The French women do screech when angry, like parrots; when they laugh tu, they are shrill; they all twitters like sparrows.

So Tim would shout down, with his head through the bars, some one or two French words. They would laugh back and call 'Singe' 'Singe'; but Tim never could make out what that meant. But there was one dark woman who Tim said must be part Spanish, and as we had sent Wellington and our army to Spain, they was friendly to us. She used to shout up 'Bo-no! John-né.' Tim took a great fancy to she, but 'twas funny love-making. She did run up the steps once or twice, and left us something on the ledge of the window, which she could reach from the steps, but the sentry would be round, so she had to be quick about it.'

We ask the jailer about her. Was she single or married?

With signs and a few words Tim knew that she had three husbands. He held up three fingers.

Tim paled away a bit at this, but he showed coin. She was rich. Then he hobbled about to show the husbands were rich, but could only hobble. They called her Madame 'Epper-see-nee.' Now, on the other side of the room was a door that opened into a verandah, but 'twas a long way from the ground. There was two sentries on. One walked under the verandah, except at high water, when he was off duty, and no occasion for him to be on, as it would be more than difficult for any one to escape at high water. He would have to run the risk of passing the other sentry who did patrol to the left, the harbour side; but that sentry used to go through a stone gateway into the street. He was told off to the street when 'twas low water and the other sentry on.

We used to call one sentry Mons 'Char-lot,' as he was fond of cats (and here Tom John's Tom would inform we 'Char' was French for

cat), and all the chars would come round about the sentry, rub up against him, and sit on the wall and mew. The other we called Mons Gingerbread, he looked a proper lolly-pop gingerbread soldier.

Time went on. They say, when information came about us, we should have our liberty; but nothing come. We used to talk how to escape, but we could see nothing for it if we attempted it but a bullet through our head.

At last the jailor say a ransome would do it, pay the Mari a sum of money. On market days Tim's yellow curls were thrust out through the bars, and he would laugh and kiss his hand to Madame 'Epper-see-nee,' who laughed back, 'Bo-no' Johnnée. They say love laughs at locksmith's, 'twas true here; perhaps 'twas stronger for the bars. One day Tim says to me,—

'Tom John's Tom, what is stronger than water?'

'Brandy,' says I.

'No 'tis not,' says Tim.

'Yes 'tis,' says I.

'Well 'tisn't what I mean. What's stronger than fire or water?'

'Can't say,' says I, 'unless 'tis courage as would brave all.'

'No 'tisn't courage, 'tis love, true love.'

'That ain't my line,' says I.

''Tis mine,' says Tim. 'I do watch my true love flutter and twitter here and there to every stall she buying and selling. I do love her pretty ways, as a bird moth sucking honey to summer flowers, so she do whizz and buzz and flutter.'

'That is the power o' fancy,' says I. 'Now to me she be nothing but a dark-skinned fidget, and her voice is pitched high, like a gale o' wind in the rigging; 'twould always make me think of boister weather, but then she's kind tu. She have brought we that eggy meat swimming in oil.'

'Tis proper French to call it a hom-low-let.

'I be going to marry she, and she is going to pay the ransome, and we are going before the Mari to be married, and the priest will tie it after double knot.'

'Timothy Timmings,' said I, 'you were

always a confiding cha-rack-ter. Somehow, if you go trusting others you never know half the time if you are wronged or not, but I would rather be hanged, drawn and quartered before I'd marry a French or Spanish woman.'

'After to-morrow,' said Tim, with a light heart, 'I shall renounce my religion and my country and become a citizen of France. *Vive la France!* but I do not care to leave you here, that's the worst thing about it.'

'Never mind me, I will face it out some how.'

So the next day a lot of cocked-hatted gentry came and let Tim free to go to his wedding, God bless him. Tim was gone, yellow hair, blue eyes, a face that cheer'd even a prison, hope he will be happy with his Epper-see-nee in her little shop, her soap and her candles, and her smart smelling herrins, and all her twitterings ways, I sigh.

Then I turned tu—to think a bit. Hope on, hope ever is a passport to freedom.

One day, looking over the harbour from the verandah, I saw a sail come up the river that made my heart beat high. I knew the

cut of her jib. I had seen her lie along the quay to Mariassic. I never forget a sail more nor do I a face, 'twas a bit of home. She came from the Port o' Fowey, say I. It made my heart dance so with hope. I'll be walking her deck to-morrow night, or I shall be lying at the bottom of Bayonne Harbour. The next day I saw she had anchored in the middle of the harbour, and she was loading with Spanish oranges, nuts, and all the bottle sweets made at Buyone, as the French call it. Towards evening she had a scrap of Blue Peter; that bit of blue bunting gave me courage to be once more under the rag, but how many hours to dark and high water? Dark, 'twill never come. How light it is. The tide will never turn. Sick at heart I went in and out on the stone landing of the high verandah to survey. The sentry, Mons Char-lot, would be off duty, and Mons Gingerbread would be the one I should have to deal with. There were two yards to run down by the side of the wall. I should not be seen, the sentry walked the other side, I could easy

swing myself off the verandah on to the steps. I should not be seen until I was half-way down to the water, but there was a low wall, about four feet, running across, the darkest night I should be seen by the sentry against the sky getting over the wall, I should not have much chance with his musket. Tramp, tramp, he goes, it seemed like a-walking on one's heart with every tramp. The sentry march between me and freedom, with his musket clutched in his arms. A rig-gu-lar cock sparrer of a Frenchman, was Mons Gingerbread. I went inside and took my jacket off to tie to the verandah rail to let myself down by. In my thoughts I went further afield. Who knows I may be helped. Poor mortal as I was, just a-wishing for home and freedom before my time come. It seemed an answer, and yet I did not know it at the time, as is often the case. The key turned in the street door, and the jailor looked in with my supper, and an old priestee with him as had come before, to convart one perhaps, but he didn't know any English at all to speak of, and I didn't

know any French, but he'd jabber in his way. He used to stay about twenty minutes, and then the jailor would come back. I saw my way now. I was glad I had torn up my jacket ready.

The old priestee took off his big hat, like a rumberella, and put it on the bench; he undid his greatcoat and pulled out of his breast pocket a big sarsage.

He hand it to me, and he say,—

'Eat-ee well, good-ee night,'

I took it and buttoned it up in my waistcoat. A sarsage might be something between me and death-hunger.

In one minute I had whipped out my jacket over his head, tied and gagged him, in another second got his coat off, strapped his ankles together and laid him gently in the corner; he never struggled a bit. Like a child I said, 'Good-ee night, sleep-ee well,' for he was a good old priestee. I caught up his hat. I had his greatcoat over the verandah. The drop was not so bad as I thought. All right. I put on the greatcoat and the hat. Now take your time

Tom Johns Tom, I said. Time and courage does it; but don't hurry whats'ver. So I stepped out into the middle of the yard, got on to the wall, over it, half the battle was won. But the sentry sees me. Whether he did not like to see a priest climbing over the wall or not, he challenge. It would not do not to stop, he might fire. I muttered like a priest I thought, and pointed to a little boat as if I was going out in it. I hoped he would think to visit some sick person. I was being fetched; it was getting pretty dusky. Just then a figure in my prison verandah waved his hands, the priest had worked himself free. The sentry looked up and laughed, thanks to our often chaffing him, he only saw the prisoner was safe in the verandah, and he let me pass. I was down the next yard in a trice, stuffed away the priestee's hat and cloak under a boat, and plunged into the river, swam off to the English schooner. As I swam round her I could see on her stern, in large white letters, the 'Pandora, Fowey.'

John Pomeroy, Captain Jimmoo's brother.

I sang out 'Hoy, one of Fowey.' 'Aye, aye. I was soon aboard. John had come more than for anything else to trace his brother Jimmoo more than for trade. It was over two years since the 'Sea Pink' had been taken by that pirate Frenchman. John Pomeroy had just found out his brother was a prisoner at Toulon, and Mr Johnnie Pencoose with him. The way I limpy now was that drop from the verandah injured my leg, though I did not feel it at the time, and I lost my eye when the ruffians fired at us in the water when we escaped from the 'Sea Pink.' Capen John Pomeroy thought he would get home, and I should inform the Squire about his son as money might be wanted. We were all inter-es-ted in Tom John's Tom's adventure, and we hoped Squire Pencoose would see his son back, but we never thought to see the 'Sea Pink' again.

Next we heard Madame Pencoose and Miss Jinny and Sally were going to France to search for their brother. Miss Sally came to say good-bye to Miss Fanny, they had long

talks, and I had been just call'd down by Missus Bullen to shake a swa'm of bees, but I over hear Miss Sally say,—

'Poor Johnnie, to think he has been a prisoner two years and a quarter, and ill from his wound great part of the time. I can't make out why he did not write?'

'Because he would never learn to write, and Captain Jimmoo Pomeroy can't write either.'

'But what did they put him in prison for?'

'Because Johnnie is so well known as a great smuggler; he smuggled a lot of English laces into France.'

'Oh, Johnnie is well known as a smuggler as would dare anything,' said Miss Sally Pencoose!

'Mr Johnnie Pencoose ought to be ashamed of himself, I have no pity for him, he deserves a French prison for smuggling.'

'Oh, Fanny, how hard hearted you are. I shall take him your love. I know you have been a little bit sorry for him, and have missed him.'

'Nonsense, Sally. I have not been in the least sorry for him, and I certainly have not missed him.'

CHAPTER XI.

Now, there was one more char-rack-ter very high 'steemed round about by us old Vogue folk—he was the mad doctor—real as mad as a score of March hares, and quite as timoursome and gentle, and his wits was sich as a startled hare, 'twas there, 'twas gone! He had a grand sounding name, 'twas 'Clarence Buckingham Chesterfield Howard Warwick.' Some 'quistive people said to him, 'If I may make so bold, Dr Clarence Buckingham Chesterfield Howard Warwick, how did ye come by they names?'

'I am sole survivor of a long line of kings and princes, and I'm heir of all.' Then he would bow and wave his hand, and say,—'I have finished my au-di-ence. Good-day.'

Dr. Herby.

The people call'd him Dr Herby, as he knew all about herbs, as King Solomon. Dr Herby, as we will call him short, though 'twas not right, as Missus Bullen said, because he was mad, he should be call'd out of his name. Poor old gentleman, I said,—

'Yes, sure, Missus, and any one can see he have lived in higher movements.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Bullen, 'I always take care to call him by all his names, which pleases him mighty, and 'tis something to give the afflicted pleasure, and so cheap too!'

Dr Herby was an uncommon figure of a man, six feet three, and as thin as a whipping post; he wore a faded claret-coloured coat down to his ankles, in summer and winter he was in that overcoat; he had a very stiff frill to his shirt, which was always as white as a whiting-pollocker fin, a sugar-loaf hat, with dents over it, but no prince ever lifted his hat with a finer sweep of his arm and a prettier bend of his body. 'Twere very prettily done sure enough.

The history how he come to Mariassic was

odd. One summer's night a fine carriage—a gentleman's travelling carriage—drove into the town, and put down Dr Herby at the Sloop Inn, and a box or trunk or two, that looked as if he had been a travell'd gentleman. His coat was new, and his hat, and he had a few pounds in his pocket, but he did not seem to have the wit to go into the Sloop, or knock they up, so all night he roved about the quays and cliffs till some one took him in. Some was very kind to him; but no one could find out where he came from, or by what orders he was left that night at Mariassic. Of course the boys mocked and jeered, but Bonnypeart Neptune befriend he, and beat the boys if he saw he was being made a games; he was too mild a gentleman for Mariassic boys. He picked up a few pence by his herb medicines, but he never liked taking money, so they gave him to eat and drink instead. Bill Pearce was took ill; he catched a chill, and it played upon his pipe, which was bad for poor Bill, as he loved to roar and shout in common talk through his pipes.

One day Mar Teezer said to Missus,—

'Missus, I think as how we must call in Dr Herby for Bill, to cure the craze on his pipes.'

Says Missus,—

'Dr Herby have done some cliver things, but I should not like to trust he over much in a bad illness. I don't think Bill Pearce is in jeopardy, so you can consult Dr Herby if you like; his cough might give to simples, such as mugwort tea, peppermint, treacle posset, and the like.'

'Why, Missus, we have giv'd Bill nigh upon a horse pail full of mugwort and bergamot tay, and the cough have not delayed the leastist a bit,' so says Mar Teazer, 'I'll waylaid Dr Herby, and he will give I a remeddy as will work a cure, if it ain't change of moon. He's to be trusted. 'Tis always the growing of the moon he is wuss. Woolly Woollatron du say 'tis well on the wane jist now, so Dr Herby will subscribe for Bill with all his wits; no fear when I do lay the case plain before un. So I'll way-

laid Dr Herby before he go home to his tea in Tres-es-pan Long Lane.'

The sun was getting low to the westward as Maria Teazer rounded into Tres-es-pan Long Lane. 'Twas a beautiful broad lane, and a green ride on each side, a deep ditch, and high hedges; and that lane was the most famous herbal lane all about, there was no such another in Cornwall. Herbs congregate there as would cure any disease, if you knew how to use 'em a-right. From this broad lane you had a wide view of the county up to the Cheese Wring, and down to St. Ann's Beacon, fifty miles more, and sideways from the Lizard to the Start.

In the middle of this lane, with his stick a-gru-ing about in the long ditch grass for some herb as worked magic was Dr Herby.

As Mar Teazer come along the grassy side-path, though she had her pattens on, she could not be heard.

Dr Herby was talking to his self, as his way was.

'Ah, rare viper-growing plant, where art thou; the slug that loves thee heaves its

glossy sides. Thou must be near, oh, magic-working weed.' Dr Herby talked as doth a sermon in flower language.

Mar Teazer coughed.

'Ah-hem! Plaise, Doctor, our Bill to Tredinnick has growed fine and bad, latter weeks he is crazed on his pipes is Bill.'

'Bill! Bill! No, woman! A Bill—a disgrace to humanity in a thousand ways—thou canst repay me, but never by base coin.'

''Tis a live Bill I am talking of, not of figgers upon papur, sir.'

'A live Bill is he; he will soon be a dead one. Know, woman, I had a patient I knew must be blooded to save his life. I — I should have bled him in the arm. I—I made a slight mistake between the arm, and—and the throat,' said Dr Herby with a soft sigh.

'You did not cut his throat, did you, sir?' said Mar Teazer, all aghast. 'Whatevir,' she say to herself; 'whatevir Woolly Woollaton do say. It must be—be the growing of the moon! I shall tell Miss Fanny they "All-man-ee-nacks must be all round wrong." 'Tis the growing of the moon.'

'I do not quite recall, but—but I—I think I did it. It took me sometime to sew it up again. It was a delicate, difficult operation; he grew better, but he never required my services again. I—I was not called in for consultation.'

'No, sir, but us would rather try simples for Bil—Wil-ly-am Pearce, simples, sir, would agree best along with he."

'Simples? in that lieth wisdom. What are the symptoms of the simple?'

A gleam came into his eye, as a spark of fun, but it became grey-ash in a minute, his poor wandering mind. With his long white fingers and restless hand, Dr Herby was placing in his ritticule some power-giving weeds. When he lifted up his voice with a shout, 'Called in for consultation,' and leapt into the ditch, and tugg'd and dragg'd at a milky dice-sal.

''Tis the growing of the moon,' moaned Mar Teazer on the bank. 'Shall I catch hold of his coat tails, or leave him bide. P'r'aps a jerk suddint to his coat tails would make his wits fly upwards. Nimble Dr

Herby was by this time through the ditch, and half way up the hedge on t'other side of the deep ditch, talking or tongue-ing away to his self, and tugging at the herbs about.

Mar Teazer thought 'T'will be over my pattens the swa-ampee ground. I shall be proper stagg'd if I du slipper away in there. There's nothing for it but to go in after he, if he will only then give his mind to a remeddy.'

'I wants, sir, a remeddy for Wil-ly-am Pearce's cough.'

She reached up, and tugg'd at Dr Herby's coat tails. Now Mar Teazer was strong of arm, and Dr Herby was reedy-like and shaky, and she overbalanced the poor old gentleman, and he cap-a-size. He come flying back on her, right into the muddy ditch. He come up with an outside coat of mud. It shook he much, but he never thought any one would harm him, and he never blamed any one, but sat dripping on the bank forlorn, and said,—

'I—I am oblee-gi-ed to you, good woman. I—I lost my balance; I am light of head. Unfortunately my head soon goes. I am

obleegi-ed greatly oblie-gied,' as his teeth began to chatter.

Mar Teazer sponged his hat and coat for him, as he sat on the bank by the roadside in Tres-es-pan Long Lane.

'Oh, sir, don't mintion it—a remeddy for the cough, sir?'

'Take this,' holding out the milky dice-sal, 'put it into a bag, wear it round your neck for six months, the cough will leave you.' Then he said, affecting solemn, 'Woman it is the best known remedy,' said Dr Herby with a grand air.

'Round my neck, sir, or Bil—Wil-ly-ams?' said Mar Teazer.

'It is of no consequence, none whatever. It will work its cure either way.'

'Thank you, sir, and Missus—Missus Bullen of Tredinnick would be glad if you call into lunch when you was a-passing, sir.'

'Ah, thanks, Madame Tredinnick, my good friend. My respectful compliments. You know my name. Dr Clarence Buckingham Chesterfield Howard Warwick, his compliments to Madame Tredinnick.'

He rose and bowed a 'Prince Regent's bow,' as Miss Fanny said, a grand prescence, though bespattered with mud, and, worse still, with his poor wits fled.

'There's the moon, but whether 'tis the growing or 'tis on the wane I can't say. He seemed sensible when he got shook up a bit. Poor Dr Herby! I did not mean to topple he over, but he is a real gentleman, no mistake. He had sense 'nuff to know I did not mean it, and how sorry I were he would not ac-cuse! He was only very much oblee-gi-ed to I; that's being a proper gentleman, that is! 'Tis long past milking hour. I always like to watch that Susannah; she don't know how tu! one leastest bit; not she,' mutters Mar Teazer, the ways homeward.

. . . . . .

That evening Mar Teazar says to Bill Pearce,—

'Which ever shall it be, Bill; here is the bag made, and I have put in the milky dice-sal, sewed well up, and a bit of rib-bain. Shall ye wear it or me?'

'What call should I a-wear it? If thee has faith in the remeddy, thee can wear it,' wheazed and groaned Bill in the warm chimbly corner.

'Oh, come! What for to go and spake like that? If no good rise it can't do harm, and 'tis not all doctors' stuff as can be held that blameless,' said Mar Teazer.

Bill, sitting on the kitchen settle close to a roar fire, said,—

'How old do you think I be, Mar?'

'As old as yourn littler finger, and a littler older than your teeth,' said sprightly Mar Teazer.

'I be one score and seven years old; how old be ye, Mar?'

'Oh, my birth-a-day is gone past—there's no count kept now-a-days, 'tis past, gone past —was you thinking of a prisint, Bill?'

Bill says with a yawn, for he was sleepy ways,—

'The prisint I was a-think of was mee-self?'

'Lor, I never, now!' was the coy answer.

'What do ye make of it?' says Bill, with a wonder stare to Mar.

'Make of it! Why, that you would be a fine tidy maintenance; you would be a score year younger nor I. 'Tis 'vantage on the right side. Ye'd be a hoeing turnips, and me a leddy in the arm-chair with the sigh-attic in two score more year.'

'If 'tis fur-ordained ye can't be agen it, Mar, can ye? and that old wizard, Johnny Hooper, he drawed yer picter to the life as me future wife,' said Bill.

'Yer wife! Go along! What be telling of?' said Mar, in glee. 'He drawed my picter as yer future wife, and fine and handsome he drewed it, I reckon,' said Mar, poking back her gook, and looking into the little bit of handy-glass.

'Well, he did not drew it over and over handsome,' said Billy, slow like.

'Then he was a spiteful old toad! I are as handsome as needs be, in my prime, and as plump as a partridge.'

'Well, we will do it quiet, Mar.' I'll speak to Parson Dr Gwinear. We won't publish, shall us?' very low-like speaks Bill now.

'In course we shall publish! I never thought to sit out the calling of my own banns! Ye must go thro' long wid it like others. Bill Pearce, not publish! Why, a li-shunce would give we a chinee tay service!'

'Ah,' said Bill, with a groan, 'our bells to Vogue church will ring out another wedding pail, to the old, old tune,—

"One poor man more undone."'

CHAPTER XII.

Now, Miss Fanny had become a great favourite with Captain Wonce, and she had a gay time to Wheal Fortune Cassel. She was often down there, she would come back that gay and light-hearted, and tell her father and we all what she had seen and done; which, to my mind, is half the battle; young people enter into the fray of pleasure, and then recite it all to we old ones by the fireside or on the bench on the grass plat. Captain Wonce gave Miss Fanny a nice horse to ride, and equipt it proper, so she was as well mount as Miss Sally or Miss Jinny; and then Captain Wonce said to Mrs Bullen,—

'Here now, cousin Jinnifer, I shall give Fanny a free gift on her wedding-day of ten thousand pounds; and I let this be known.

I don't want to make her a catch for an adventurer, but she will have her dower.'

'Thank you, cousin Walter; but I don't think Fanny will marry. When a girl keeps on saying, "No," it grows to a habit!'

'Well, it didn't with you, cousin Jinnifer.' Missus colour up, but she laugh.

'Do you take notice how gay Fanny is?' said Captain Wonce.

'Yes, she seems very happy,' said Missus; 'she has got over that fancy for that rascal Baron Laraile. Fancy, Lord Respry was telling Maister he have found it all out. This Baron was the foster-brother of the real one —of low birth, but brought up together in Paris and everywhere, and he murdered his brother, the real Lord, or Baron Laraile, and that is the reason he bolted off to England; and then, after he fought the duel with Mr Johnnie Pencoose, he found he could not live in France; and, when Mr Johnnie was so badly wounded, he, with other lawless fellows, made a raid on the "Sea Pink," murdered nearly all the crew, and went off somewhere, they think, to Mexico.'

'The moral to all this is—ah!' said Captain Wonce, 'don't take up quick with furriners! I is somewhat slow to give myself away to an Englishman; but I do take time—snail-pace time with a furriner.'

The lady who wrote to Lord Respry believed he was her nephew, the real Baron Laraile.

'Well, his Lordship had a near squeak with the cold muzzle of the pistol on his temple. Such luck as the rascal got, to get clear off twice!' said Captain Wonce.

'But, cousin Jinnifer, you have not seemed to understand why Fanny is so happy. I see it; don't you?'

'No,' said Missus. 'Perhaps 'tis change, her new life, and the pleasure she gets out of Wheal Fortune Cassel.'

''Tis because of Miss Sally Pencoose's letter that Mr Johnnie is found, and all right, and coming back.'

'I don't think so,' said Missus. 'Fannee always said she hated him.'

'Now, that is hopeful,' said Captain Wonce, 'if she had said she liked him,

'twould have been the moon indeed for Mr Johnnie to cry for.'

. . . . . .

'Miss Fanny Uglow, dear Miss Fanny, my boy is home again, he is. My boy, such bursting joy,' shout Squire Pencoose, on horseback, looking in through the big gates of the garden.

Miss Fanny got up, she had been kneeling down planting seedlings after a June shower. She came towards the Squire with her white drawn hat, her fresh peach colour and her sweet eyes. Her heart went out to the old father for his love for his boy, though the boy was real such a tiresome, rough young man.

After that Miss Fanny saw all the Pencoose family one by one, but not Mr Johnnie. Madame come in French silk, not smuggled this time.

'He have to send many ambasseedo-ers,' said Mar Teazer. ''Tis said Miss Fanny will punish 'em all for their high mightyness. They has to make a pilgrimage on their knees from Trenisky to Tredinnick.'

At last Miss Fanny met him at the hunt. The meet was at Trevogue. She bowed stiff to begin with, but he got off his horse and shook hands. She said very little, and was very grave. He looked very pale. Some said not his old self.

'I says improvement.'

'Well,' they says, 'hardly for a rollicking chap as Mr Johnnie Pencoose.'

'But why shouldn't he leave that behind and become more mannerly,' says I.

Now, coming home that day Miss Fanny's horse lamed himself as the bank slipped with her, and they rolled back together. She was glad of Mr Johnnie's help.

'Hullo! who is gone into the ditch? Is it you, Sally?'

Coming through the wood he had not seen who it was.

'No—it—is—Fanny. Crusader has stuck fast, poor fellow, and I can't get off.'

'Well, wait a bit, Fanny.' He nearly choked with the utter of his old playmate's name. Now, if you don't leave it to me, you will come to grief; he will roll over on

you,'—with a good deal of temper as he was getting anxious how to get her off. 'Con— if you touch him Fanny, you will be crushed. Now, give me your hand. He pulled her off the saddle on to the thorn hedge and that was the way he won her, masterful. 'Give me your hand,' and she gave it tu. His cap was off, and in his black hair threads of silver she noticed, not there before he left. He pulled her up among the thorns and brambles. 'Now, are you safe?' Their eyes met, she laughed and coloured.

'Johnnie, you are as rough as ever.'

He gave one glance round the thicket; no one there. He put his arm round her waist and kissed her.

Only an old fox saw it,
A fellow creature.

. . . . . .

We had two weddings that year of import. Gentle and simple.

Mar Teazer and Bill Pearce were married first, between the cattle harvest—as we do call

hay harvest—and the harvest of corn as is sent for man.

After the wedding, before dinner (as Missus was going to give at Tredinnick), we walked the whole parish, a goodly pair (party), to show ourselves proper to the whole Vogue Parish. Mar Teazer was off with her pattens, so she had not such a spring-heel tread.

Susannah was bridesmaid, with her beau, Tom John's Tom. His cripple-ship was growing over; but he, of course, was still blind of one eye, and that, he say, 'was no green light in the starboard bow.' He liked 'a roll in land once upon a time.' But after we had nigh compassed the parish, he say, Tom John's Tom,—

'The shelves be certain high out here—too high for me to reach the victuals! Let us rin into port, where the contents of the shelves be on Missus Bullen's kitchen table.'

So we face about right face, and turned into Tres-es-pan Long Lane; and, as luck would have it, we, walking in two's and

two's, Mar Teazer and Bill Pearce giving the lead, with white gloves and favours as big as a cheese-plate, we met Dr Herby.

'Now, Bill, return thanks for that milky dice-sal remeddy. You have wored it six months, and your cough have aised off.'

Bill say,—

'You spake, Mar. For one day I said 'nuff to parson,—"For richer, for poorer—I, thee and thou!" You spake up, Mar.'

'Dr Herby stood wildered-like in the middle of Tres-es-pan Long Lane as the wedding party came up to him.

Mar say,—

'We are on our weddin'-jaunt, sir; but Bil—Wil-ly-am Pearce return thanks for the cough remeddy, sir.'

'Ah,' said Dr Herby 'there never was any—any custom by the wit of man so well devised as—as early marriage.' He looked at Mar, thoughtful, and a gleam came into his eye as he said,—'Its—its antiquity is great!'

'Bootiful!' said Mar. 'It can't be the the growing of the moon?'

'No,' said Tom John's Tom; 'for 'tis the honey-moon!'

Then Dr Clarence Buckingham Chesterfield Howard Warwick bowed in his Court fashion, and said,—

'Man must bow to his fate.'

A crowd of people as we were seemed to steady his wits a bit. He did not look timoursome, tho' he was sure as mad as a March hare, leave alone the hatter. Poor Dr Herby!

CHAPTER XIII.

One day, before Miss Fanny were married, Maister Bullen came home from the hay-making, and Missus say,—

'Why, Anthony, you have lost your watch and seals!'

'Why, so I have! Now, 'tis misfortune, Jinnifer!'

Maister's watch was a mighty fine ticker, and as big as a goodish size per-ta-tur, and his chain was a noble one; it had come down through the family many scores of years. And the seals was many and most ainshunt —as Maister say,—'Big enough and old enough to have sealed the Magna Charter!'

'Where have ye a-been tu, Maister, to lose yer watch and chain?'

'Well, I had the gig, and I drove to Mariassic; then I come back to see how the pair (party) was a-working in the Barn Meadow; and then I went from one field to another.'

Well, everybody hunt for Maister watch, chain and seals, but we could not find it.

'Then,' Missus says, 'you must have lost it to Mariassic, and you must have the hue and cry, and cry it to Mariassic. Who is the crier there now? I must send Bill to tell him to cry it to once.'

'A. Dabchick, I reckon. Father and son have been town criers for generation upon generation. Now,' said Maister, 'I will tell ye how I come to know Dabchick is the name of Mariassic town criers, because of the miracle plays, as was performed to Mariassic, that is what the name of the town is taken from, Mariassic or miracle. When I was a little one, they had the miracle plays, and a Joshua Dabchick was always King Pharoah. There was gipsy blood in 'em, and they wore black ringlets, which they kept very long for the plays, so as to look like a king of Egypt,

and sharp, long noses. Then there was every generation a Warwatha, with yellow hair like a cloak, for King Pharoah's daughter. They kept characters to families. I can see 'em now, Pharoah's daughter walking first with a little Moses in a rush basket, and her maids carry over her head a mighty ainshunt oiled-cloth rumberella. After they had marched the streets on to the quay it used to get a bit mixed, and she, Pharoah's daughter, walked hitch-arm with St George; and they had a little bull calf for the dragon, with tin scales over him, but the dragon was always upsetting the play, and dragging 'em where they did not want to go. I know when they begun to spake they always introduced themselves with,—

'"Here comes I, St George the Bold."

'Then some one would roar close to the bull calf,—

'"Here comes I, the Dragon bold, with my long teeth and scurvey jaw. I'll crunch un in my maw."

'"Here comes I, Miss Pharoah, his darter, that took a Hebrew babe from the wa-ater."

'I used to like that play, 'twas daylight, and gay was the dressing up of boats and men to Mariassic quay. Every "Peter-tide" was the time. But I remember one play I dreamed of for years and years after, 'twas the awfullest play, 'twas the Day of Judgment. I know my great aunt, Miss Nanny Nanscarron, she said,—

'"'Twas well to take Anthony, chield, as 'twould have an effect on he. P'r'aps stop his growing to be a liar and a thief."

'I know my mother said,—

'"He sha'n't go, Aunt Nanny. He will never be a liar or a thief. My pretty Anthony, boy. I won't, Aunt Nanny, have him scared, you sha'n't; there now."

'However, in the middle of the night, as it seemed to I, Aunt Nanny woke I up, I remember her sudden waking and the cold fear. The room was a big one, there was only the light of farden rush-light, you know, Missus, as they put into a big cullender thing, so the rush-light made awful O's of light on wall and ceiling; and Aunt Nanny dragged my things any ways over my head. I never

was more uncomfortabler dress'd, and she whisper in my ear,—

'"Quick, come out to see the Day of Judgment, a lesson you won't forget in a hurry."

'"I'm af-feered," I sob. '"Where's mam-ma?"

'"Good boys need not fear, 'tis only bad boys as tell lies need fear the Day of Judgment."

'"I don't tell lies," I sob, as I went along the cold streets, and she drag me down forty steps to the quay. And the sight was awful. Pitch-dark night, except where blazing (tar barrels, I suppose). Along the low rocks they had blazing holes of fires, and figures running, with long hair and dreadful yellow and black and red devils after 'em, with pitchee forks in their hands, a-racing, shouting, tearing, and blowing horns, and horns on their heads, and tails like pump-handles — truly awful-like — seeming to catch the white figures, and throw them into the holes all blazing. Then the still night, black rocks, and dull sea beyond, all lend to the ghastly and awful, and nobody can tell the

"Truly awful-like."

effect on I; for years I thought it was all real.'

'I have often heard of the Mariassic plays,' said Miss Fanny, 'but I never thought, father, they had such wickedly gruesome plays.'

'But,' said Missus, 'was not there another side of picter, Maister—the blessed going to heaven?'

'If there was, Jinnifer, I never see'd that other side, and I should not have so much feeling for they as the poor wicked ones.'

And Maister lit his pipe on the lawn.

'Moreover,' Missus said, ''twas a sinful shame of that old Aunt Nanny to take an innercent child to see such tragedies.'

'It did one good, too,' said Maister; 'useful. If ever I feel inclined to laugh out of place at a solemn time, I had only to think of the Day of Judgment rendered to Mariassic town.'

'Well,' said Missus, getting up and walking across the lawn, 'I must send Bill to Mariassic, and have yer watch seals and chain cried.'

So Miss Fanny and Mr Johnnie Pen-

coose was left to their courting the summer day.

Mr Dabchick ring his bell, so Bill say, on the quay to Mariassic town, and he shout,—

'Oh, yes! oh, yes!—Lost, stolen, or strayayed a gold watch and chain, with a fine race of seals appendaged there on!

'The property of Mr Anthony Bullen of Tredinnick Farm, in the parish of Vogue, in the county of Cornwall!

'Whoever shall return the same afore-said watch and chain, and seals appendaged there on to the rightful honour shall be rewarded in a becoming manner! Oh, yes! oh, yes!'

But never was any watch and seals heard of.

After some time, Missus says to Mr Johnnie Pencoose,—

'I wish you would do me a favour; if you see Mr John Hooper out with the harriers, or anywhere, when you are up near Ladock, you would ask him "where Maister watch and seals be tu?" and, please, don't tell Fannee or the Maister till you have enquired of Mr John Hooper.'

Mr Johnnie Pencoose promised, but of course, promises, like pie-crustes, are made to be broken, particularly in the case of lovers.

So Miss Fanny laughed much, and she said,—

'I wish Aunt Jinnifer would not think so much of that dreadful old man. I must get Miss Kattern-Ann Gwinear to talk to her a little. She is a wise woman, if you like.'

However, Mr Johnnie Pencoose saw Mr Johnny Hooper close to Ladock wood, when he was out with the harriers.

And you must know a few weeks before Missus Bullen had sent Mr Johnny Hooper a fillet of veal and a leg of pork to go with it.

So when Mr Johnnie Pencoose say he had been asked by Mrs Bullen of Tredinnick if Mr Hooper could say where the watch and seals were, he had his answer quick, with,—

'Mrs Bullen is wilcome to know all I know. 'Tis this,—"The watch hangs 'twixt earth and sky, and some day will be found;

the chain and seals never will be found—so fate has sealed."'

. . . . . .

'Dear, dear!' said Missus, 'tain't much of an answer, and 'twas a bravish fillet of veal too, and a tidy leg o' pork!'

Years and years after Maister find the watch his-self, going thro' an old gap in the hedge. 'Twas hanging on a forky stick, just as it hitched out of Maister's fob; hanging 'twixt earth and sky. They search, and search, and to this day they have never found the chain and seals — and never will.

Not long after Miss Fanny became Mrs Johnnie Pencoose, Captain Wonce died, and left Wheal Fortune Castle to Miss Fanny, with a good bit of money—all his money, may say, but the present to Missus and Maister, and to the Miners' Hospital and Orphans' and Widows' Home.

So a year or two after, I must tell ye, there was a proper torment born in the parish. He have stoned my ducks, and he steal my apples, and I have to steal the

stick across his shoulders! I often think it may be as how my fault he is such a torment to the parish, as I never left the north door open'd when he was christen'd. I mean 'Wil-ly-am Teazer Pearce.' I say he is a regular 'spriggin's cheild.' (*Fairy-sprite's child.*) 'I'll never believe he is all human.'

But Mar Teazer (by her husband Pearce) do say,—

'Ye sha'n't call him a spriggin's cheild! He ain't more that than you be; an old spriggins yourself!'

She get in a tan-trum over this torment if you call him names, Mar do.

Miss Kattern-Ann even don't know what to do by un. She have shut up the Sunday school over and over again, but 'tis no good. All Vogue say he ought to be sent to say. A proper rogue of Vogue!

A long time after that Dr Gwinear was call'd up to Oxford. They said he was to have for his learning a place of honour; and Miss Kattern-Ann goes with him 'after reforming the parish a bit,' she say! They wash and bake theirselves better!

Now I'm brushing up to a hunderd, I can't see to finish this history of Vogue Parish, so I tell it to my grit-gran'son, and he do put it down. So where 'tis not quite country tongue, you know he have put in his own grammer! He is in my place in the parish, call'd by another name; no longer parish clerk, but sacristan!—a surplus choir! He do carry a big cross, where I did carry a stick to knack the boys heads. In some things we have gained, others we have lost. We have no learned fellows of Oxford now, but they talk a good bit, and the fashion is to despise those who went before.

But I do say, where do all these young proud bigots come from?

'P'r'aps they was born in Puffin Island!'—'Seeming so!' they say. Still, we may be deceived in 'em. And if anything will keep the strangers humble, 'tis a Cornish parish now-a-days; 'tis down with everything! Grit-gran'son he do say,—

'Glorious times a-head, gran'father! I, Robert Rowe the eighth know that I only

have been born *five hundred years too soon*, for the spirit in me says I was born to grace the perfect age of science and life!'

'What be ye a-telling of, young Bob Rowe? Be content; yer *haveage* is good as I show. Look back to your grit-grit-gran'father!'

CHAPTER XIV.

Now 'tis right, as Mr Johnny Hooper come on the boards of this here parish tale, that he should make his exit becoming to his wisht old character. But seeming to I, like all great men, he had a double character, there was two Johnny Hoopers! One, as I have heard tell of, and one as looks like he; but it tain't he at all, and what relayshuns they be to one another passes the wit of a full-brained man to tell ye.

One picter is a plain, quiet, civil-tongued man, working with his hands that which is good, a blacksmith by trade, and 'no trader on other's silly supersti-tious ignorance,' remarks Miss Kattern-Ann.

The other picter is a true crafty one, as played upon the pipes a super-natural gam-

mut; and the old Vogue folk danced to his piping, half in fear and half in fun. They who made the most fun of the old mortal, ended by being most timersome of being ill-wished by he.

Miss Kattern-Ann do say to me.

'I s'pose, Robert Rowe, you mean Mr Johnny Hooper had a dual existence?'

I say I s'pose, Miss, it were a duel, which Johnny Hooper should get the upper hand of which, 'tis Christian to hope, it were 'the best side up with care,' when he leave this world. I only jist mention this double woof in Johnny Hooper's character, as ain't the same person at all. I have known a parcel of Johnny Hoopers, first and last, and they was no relayshuns to anybody else. So jist leave all the other Johnny Hoopers as ever is bide, and harken to this here old character, the last proper Cornish wizard, when he was took mortal bad he did warn all round him that the day of his funeral 'a timpest would come, as no man, woman, let alone chield, would stand against; no, not even a parson could

withstand that hurricane—not 'Heaven sent' make sure!

'Of course,' says Miss Kattern-Ann 'Mr Johnny Hooper said, after me the Deluge?'

'No, Miss, I never heard he went so far as to prophesy a Noah's Deluge; he only say a howling, bluster wind, blowing all points of the compass to once. So no parson clerk or people could stand against it.'

So this here wisht and doleful tale was told me by Barnabas Bright Buncombe. How he come by that name was so, he was born upon Saint Barnaby Bright's day.

> Saint Barnaby Bright,
> The longest day, and the shortest night.

He had been to Amerikey and back. So when he come home he follow the fashion out there, and he drop the Bright entire, and called hisself 'Barnabas B. Buncombe.' He was a tall talker before he went to Amerikey, and I may say he returned quite a perpendicular talker, and he was spar and rakish Yankee rigg'd, with his hat one

side, and a nibbler of a grass week-a-days, and a flower Sundays of the season; to my mind it did not become a clerk to bring a flower in his mouth out o' the vestry door, behind the parson, and as you may say only drop it with his Amens—but that was the fashion of he!

Barnabas B. Buncombe, when he come from Amerikey, he put his-self up, and in, as parish clerk, as he said 'twas hereditary clerk's reading desk with the Buncombes of Ladock, so he had been stalled near thirty year as clerk when Johnny Wiseman died; and this tale he did tell as true.

He was in the church with only the sexton, John Chappell, the young cu-rate come up the hill blowing as a porpoise on a summer day, and he say,—mincing,—

'Oh! Mr Barnabas Buncombe, is it true that Mr Hooper foretold a storm at his funeral? It is blowing hard now. I could hardly stand against it.'

'Tis a bit of a timpest, no mistake; but not much for sich as have weathered a tornado in the Black Sea.'

'Have you been in a gale in the Black Sea, Mr Buncombe?' says he.

'Can you, sir, point out on the globe, how to get to Amerikey and back without circumnavigating the Black Sea?'

But I had hardly done speaking when a wind came as if it would burst in all the church windows, and sich a howl and moan long with it, only we three in the church, and then a flash of dry lightning—the worst that is—without rain. It played blue and white flame over the young cu-rate's face, and turned John Chappell's ruddy countenance gashly blue. Outside the church the elements at war, groaning, creaking, panting; the ivy, drashing and beating, torn off against the great church windows like the wings of a lost spirit. Never did I view a storm from so melancholy a place, the great double row of pillars, the black, big, oak roof, the shrieking, sighing, blowing all about the tower and the belfry, and we three awaiting, waiting for the funeral.

'They will never come!' says we. 'A good hour behind time.'

At last they are coming down the opposite hill. I got into my desk, and the cu-rate was peeping out o' the vestry door, and John Chappell begun to toll the bell. We see'd them coming down the hill, step by step; at last they come to a hedge, and there they stay ever so long in the loo. John Chappell he begun to weary of dowling the bell. As he was an old man I had to encourage 'un to do his duty; so from the desk I made a speaking-trumpet of my two hands, and I shouts above the awful roaring bluster,—

'Toll a bit longer, Jan!' He could only just a-hear with my natural speaking-trumpet; so up in the belfry old Jan nod his head. So, more to encourage 'un agen, I shout, 'Toll a bit longer, Jan!'

The curate he looked faint-ways.

'The tower will be crashing down!' says he, 'and we shall be a-buried in the ruins of this here church.'

Says I,—

'Nobody can't say then the bell was not a-dowled for us!'

Well, this went on for ever so long!

At last they come to the gate.

When they opened the great doors of the church, in rushed the whirlwind. 'Twas getting dusk, but I could see and feel the spirits, a great army, all wild and tearing thro' the church, they shriek and cry and moan, they rush up the tower, a pretty black lot, with black bats' wings, and horns; but they kept to the north and west end, they knew their place even in church, and when we come to shut and open the door, it took a half-a-dozen strong men to do it, and 'twas dark. By lantern light we buried him, before the storm lull off, so we could leave the church.

Now, I, John Rowe, tell ye this tale as told to I by Barnabas B. Buncombe. It may be solemn romancing for a moral, for those who go meddling with the powers of darkness, that mortals do best to let bide.

I should not have told ye such a wisht, melancholy bit; but 'tis grave and gay, black and white, the history of old Vogue folk—sich is life! But even ten year do make a difference, and witchcraft do only take hold of the very old or the very

young now-a-days. Now, our o'r learned school-maister, as come from Devonshire, he never seemed 'xactly vitty to the Vogue folk; first he was a school-maister, thinking mighty of his-self, and next he were a Devonshire man, for every born Cornish-man do know what we think of all who live the other side of the Tamar. As the saying go,—'Cornwall would be in England but for Devonshire.'

Still, there is another saying,—'Go to Devon for a wife, but stay in Cornwall for a husband!'

The school-maister's name was called Bubble-bois. 'Twas a name as suited him well; for he was always a-boiling over as a tin saucepan on the hob. There was my grandchild, Rositta, as went to school.

So says Mr Bubble-bois.

'Rositta, what's hail?'

Says she, sharp,—

'Fruzed rain.'

The cane came down on her shoulders; so, we Rowes all had a gridge against Mr Bubble-bois for that treatment after a correct answer.

So Rositta, though she were young, she were a proper grow'd woman for spite. So she get up early and she walk miles to consult a witch, Old Anice Dawe, as lived nigh upon Padstowe. She tell me she were not at all frightened walking all alone (for 'tis no good for ye to go and see a witch with company). She were not frightened till a hare pops out—an uncommon legged hare trot down the lane in front of she. No wonder she turned cold as a stone; for if anyone travel on the road close to a hare you don't forget it quick, such a forerunner. It ran round to the back of a cot, and she knew she had come to the place. When she knock, her gets a panting answer.

'If a frind, Anice Dawe do say welcome.'

Well, she give Rositta an old ham bone, and every night she was to say the Creed backwards, and hammer in a pin. When the ham bone was full of pins, so you could not put another, her enemy would drop off.

Now this was un-be-known to I; as Parish Clerk I would not have allowed no such thing.

Mr Bubble-bois, however, he used to whack

the boys well—so out o' school some boys jeered at un, the other side of a hedge, and calls out,—

'Twill soon be a-al over wid ye Maister Bubble-bois! Rositta Rowe have got a ham bone up the chimbly, and when that's full of pins ye will drop off!'

So Mr Bubble-bois chase that boy, caught un, and made him explain.

So he comes off to I, in a tower passion, to see Rositta and to punish her for the ham bone.

I says,—

'No you wont, I'll tutor her myself, 'tis a girl's prank; more foolish spite than wicked.'

Says he,—

'When she do come to school I'll punish her.'

Says I,—

'No you won't, she is learnt out—she'll have no more schooling, shall Rositta!'

Then he raved. After that he could not say too bad of we old Vogue folk.

'Ignorant, sooper-tish-us, foolish, and wicked we was.'

He went to the top of Trelucky Hill and roared at we down in the church housen (*village*) for half the evening.

And we tan-ti-lized back 'for him to hold peace, for a Devonshire dumpplen he was sure.' That was the beginning of riggs in our otherwise quiet parish—a timpest in a taypot —but it don't much matter how small the fight is to begin. Emperors do fight over as little. So we now become two parties in the parish, the Bubble-boisyers and the Clerkites.

Madame Pencoose was that proud of the match Mr Johnnie Pencoose had made to marry Miss Fanny Uglow, the heiress of Captain Wonce, that she must always be talking of that 'Sweet crea-char, my daughter-law,' and that she had always set 'my heart on the match ever since she were tucked—to the same time as my Sally, who, with her looks and ways, you would have thought would have married an army officer, instead, 'tis only a pholospher, Dr Cargreen — double my sweet Sally's age. We should have wished a more sparkling future for my sweet, sensitive Sally. My eldest

daughter Jinny, she has a presance, the Squire do admire her he doth say, 'Tis her Ma in her prime,' but still Sally, sweet, timid Sally, is a great comfort to me, and my prayer answered. I always prayed one of my daughters might be endued with sensibility, and in Sally my prayer was granted. As for my son Johnnie he early left my tender care.

'My dear lady,' said the Squire, 'you could not manage him a bit, and he is already doing Fanny credit—and yet, bless the dear boy, he was as full of mischief as an egg is full of meat. Dear, what a plague he was before, and after, he went to school; but he never learned any book knowledge. The tales his cousins used to tell of him at school. He was always fighting boys years older than himself. He had not been six months to Barnstaple school when the biggest bully there knocked him down. They said, "Stand up to him little Johnnie Pencoose." Says little Johnnie, with a black eye, "Give me a stool to stand on and I'll stand up. But see fair play to put him between I and the

wall, and he is not to knock my stool over."'

The Squire used to laugh over his boy's pluck and his mischief.

Doctor Jones, the headmaster to Barnstaple school become a lunatic whenever a blue-bottle fly buzz'd near him. He had long hair down on his shoulders—for all the world like a big bunch of farthing-dips—and when there was a blue-bottler buzzing the boys used to have to hunt and jump the forms and desks to flop at them.

'A buzz, sir. There he is, sir. I hear him, sir!' forty boys would shout at once.

Doctor Jones was a savage for flogging; but at the buzz of a blue bottle he was unnerved, and dash about the school-room, and his long hair was as the quills of a Red Indian, he would put his head into his desk and almost shut the cover on himself. The boys would like to have guillotined him with his own sharp desk cover. Johnnie said 'twas a morning chase when the first buzz was heard. 'Twas a bad time they had when no blue-bottles was about; but

Johnnie one day, after a martin's nest up on the roof of the school-house, finds in the cupola, where the bell was, a sight of blue-bottles. So he had a fine store by him, and he used to feed them to keep them lively in the winter with boiled treacle and beer on a laurel leaf; and from his store he would fill a pill box, take it in his pocket to school and let 'em out one by one—'Flying sport,' as he said. When he left Barnstaple school he got his Ma to send him a fine saffron curranty cake—and he said, 'Mind plenty of currants.' And he sent it to the school-maister with these lines writ by a school-fellow who could write,

'With Mr Johnnie Pencoose's compliments. A cake for Doctor Jones of all the blue-bottlers he could find.

Johnnie could sign his name in letters, so he signed,—

J. P.—*O.Q.B.S.*

Which letters stood, as Johnnie says, for—

'*On Quitting Barnstaple School.*'—*O.Q.B.S.*

Now, when the Squire told this here story of Mr Johnnie I was a-looking over the garden

hedge, and he and Madame Pencoose had affably come to pass the compliment to me and family, to invite we to a dinner on the lawn, as a trait he was minded to give in honour of his son's son-and-heir young Maister John coming into the parish of Vogue — as he was three year old. And they was all coming up from Wheal Fortune Castle to Trenisky.

So the whole parish had a trait! Flags flying! Bands playing! Barons of beef and pies of all sorts! That was the most to be lauded trait we ever had in the parish of Vogue; all the parish was there—old people who had been bed-ridden for years as lively as crickets! I, that are passed eighty, was a boy compared to them!

Long narrow tables with forms on each side to sit. Tom John's Tom was a standing up to the table with one hand in his waistcoat pocket and the other holding a fork above his head—tongue-ing away with his eye shut! The only eye that had weathered escapes. Susannah, Mrs John's Tom, she sat by his side, and kept a-pulling his coat tails to be seated as she said,—

'You'll get no vittles, if ye spend yerself in too much mouth speech—even mountains of beef will melt away before the multitude as is hearty!' So she say, 'Co! co! Tom John's Tom, ease ye off a bit, and mind yer vittles. But talk-ee he must, he would, he, no let about it.'

I was too much discoursing my own plate of vittles to mind much what he was talking about, but I heerd it was 'on the elder sons of history, from Cain downwards,' well, even to Maister John Pencoose, aged three.

Mar Teazer Pearce said,—

'I never knew they was sich a parcel of wicked ones the elder sons.'

But before that day drew to an end Mar Teazer Pearce and I had a fine come out—and of course 'twas over her Spriggin's chield Wil-ly-am Teazer Pearce.

However, I'll first talk about the gentry. First, there was Miss Fanny, begging her pardon, Mrs Johnnie Pencoose, looking handsomer than ever, and as happy as ever she was as chield and romping girl, school miss and fine young lady! She laugh and talk with

all, and her voice was like a carol full of life—and how proud she was of her boy heaved up before the Maister on the saddle, on the good strawberry mare, Vi'let—and Missus, in a twitter, with her best bunnet strings tied above her head, out of the way, in serving the old people. Here I must tell ye the misadventure, all brought about by that Spriggin's chield! No, you would not believe it, and he only turned five and a half—as Betsy Reel say, 'T'Twas more than wicked, 'twere ridic-cu-lous sich an uncoo deed'—as show'd plain he weren't all mortal this Spriggin's chield.

He had gone and cobbler-waxed the form; so there we was, when we come to have a regard to move, seated—our best Sunday garments—the men groan, and the women squeal. We says one to another,—

'What ever shall us do, as we wants to leave the table and look at the country dance to the top of the lawn—what ever shall us do by it?'

Says Woolly Woollaton,—

'How many be us, be in this here quandary?'

'Nigh upon a score,' says I, 'counting men and women.'

Says Woolly,—

'We must all march to once, and carry the form 'long with us;' and so we did, and finely divarted the rest of the company. 'Twas best to take it as a joke, but I do believe it would have been murder if I had see'd that Spriggin's chield Wil-ly-am Teazer Pearce.

After it come out that the bass viol of the church quire, Mick Fuggler had come provided with a big bit of cobbler's wax to wax his viol strings, or big fiddle, as you like, and 'twas a big bit of cobbler's wax, as, being a shoemaker, he had no need to spare. And Woolly Woollaton says he see'd that Spriggin's chield a-busy—whish—washing, as ye do groom a horse, if he weren't a-waxing that form from end to end—but more's the pity he took no heed to him what he was a-doing. So if the auld wizards and witches are dying out of the land there is still greater torment a-springing up in the world—a generation of Spriggin's chields.

THE END.

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